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AND THIS IS CAPE COD!

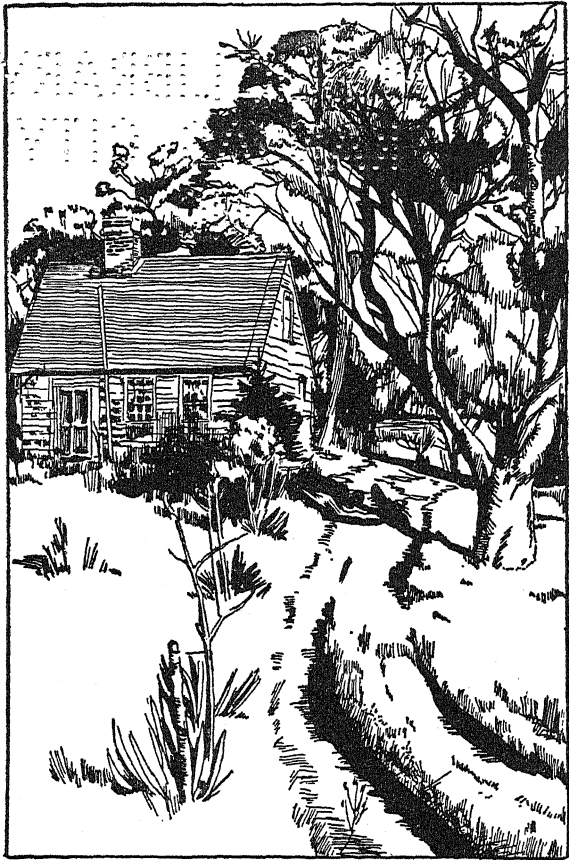
By ELEANOR EARLY



AND THIS IS BOSTON!

AND THIS IS WASHINGTON!

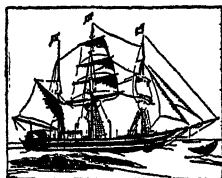
AND THIS IS CAPE COD!



'People who lived their whole lives in "half houses" had never had babies. And since everybody wanted children, the little houses became sad and mournful-looking' (page 80).

AND THIS IS CAPE COD!

BY
ELEANOR EARLY



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AND THIS IS CAPE COD!



CHAPTER ONE

THE WAY TO SANDWICH

IF YOU love the sea—and things that are old—if you love nice little houses and all kinds of flowers, then you should go to Cape Cod. If you love sunset lakes, and moors like music, and lily ponds, and tiny towns, and long roads stretching through the wind, you will love the Cape. And if you like lobsters and asparagus and fat blueberry pies, you will have a beautiful time.

Before I started this book, I re-read Thoreau (he made the trip to Provincetown by stagecoach and on foot). I had a copy edited by Odell Shepard, who dedicated it to Bliss Perry, 'connoisseur in letters, rivers and little towns,' and I thought what a charming dedication, and how it must have pleased Bliss Perry.

And then I thought, almost everybody who likes my books likes such things as letters and rivers and little towns, and I thought, I will dedicate this book 'To Those Who Love the Things That I Love.' And now I am going to write of the romantic days of the Cape, and the brave ways of its people. Of young deep-sea captains, and cruel pirates. Of the skipper's wife who pickled her baby in brine. And the bride who sailed a ship to Valparaiso.

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Hardly anybody tells the truth about the Cape, because its grim old grace is a hard thing to get into words. But almost everybody who knows the place loves it.

Cape Cod, despite tourists like you and me, has remained itself, and peculiar in many ways. It is probably the only resort in America with a culture of its own, and traditions sufficiently strong and long-standing to persist in the face of an annual invasion bearing guidebooks and exclaiming over antiques. (It is all right to carry guidebooks, but you should not keep saying, 'Oh, how quaint!') Cape Codders hate to be patronized, and they are more cosmopolitan than city folk could know.

I like the story of the old Captain who came home with two elderly Chinese wives in tow. The Captain had spent most of his life on the China coast, and acquired the ladies in Oriental fashion. When he came to Provincetown, he set off up Front Street—and, after him, the old wives, in their best kimonos of scarlet and jade.

That night in a tavern on Back Street the Captain flipped a coin. And one woman became housekeeper, and the other moved into the best front room. And nobody on Cape Cod so much as raised an eyebrow.

Quakers found refuge on Cape Cod, after Boston Puritans cut off their ears and made holes in their tongues, because, when men have been to far countries and sampled different ways of living, they are no longer shocked by people whose behavior is not like their own.

The dour aristocrats of Boston never could understand Cape Codders. Maybe you can't either. There is the fathomless Cape humor, dry as sand and salty as a cured herring. They don't laugh much on the Cape. The proper answer to a joke is uproarious silence. If you laugh, you upset them. If you don't get the joke, they know it was a good one.

Daniel Webster went shooting one fall along the Scusset marshes, and when it grew dark the inn where he was stopping seemed very far away. He walked for miles—cold and hungry—until he came to a farmhouse. It was a raw night and the family had gone to bed. Webster pounded on the door, and at last a window was raised, and a man's voice asked,

'What do you want?'

'I want to stay here all night.'

'All right—stay there.' And down went the window.

The farmer's mirth was inaudible. It was invisible. And the joke was on Webster.

Webster hunted and fished in Sandwich, and that is where you should get acquainted with the Cape. Many people think that the Cape begins at Plymouth where the Pilgrims settled, but it doesn't. It begins at the Bridges. These Bridges—one in Bourne and one in Sagamore—rear themselves like steel creatures out of a dream and fling themselves across the Canal. And you cross on their backs to Cape Cod. If you have seen the Bridges, you know what strangely beautiful monsters they are. And if you haven't, you are going to be

surprised. They are identical twins, but the impression they create is different, and I like the one in Sagamore because its approach is more startling.

Besides, Sagamore is on the way to Sandwich, and if you are going sight-seeing with me, I want you to start right. Sandwich is a beautiful beginning for a Cape holiday, and from there we will go down the Bayside to Provincetown. It is customary to go down one side of the Cape and come up the other, and it is best to go down the North or Bayside and return along the Backside—that is what everybody calls it—it's the Ocean-side, really.

The distance from Sagamore to Provincetown (which is the tip end of the Cape) is sixty-four miles. And the Cape averages six miles in width. You can drive down one way and back the other and do it in a day, and go home and tell the folks you have seen Cape Cod (Sagamore is about sixty miles from Boston); but then you'd never know the loveliness you missed.

The Cape is a most enchanting place, and full of secrets. It has *fifteen hundred* miles of macadam roads, and God only knows how many dear little dirt roads because nobody else could keep track. They go wandering off through small woods, by lily ponds and cranberries running wild, past forgotten burying grounds, and like as not they end up on a dune—or a moor maybe.

Once — on back roads — I counted twenty ponds in twenty miles, with lilies in half of them. If you keep only to the main road, you will miss the little tucked-

away villages (there are a hundred and forty-three of them), and almost all the secret places.

But whatever you do, you cannot miss the ocean. It is strange that two thirds of the globe is covered by ocean and most of the people in the world have never seen it. Cape Codders see so much of it that they don't think about it any more than the rest of us think about the sky, which shows how men hold beauty when they are used to it.

There are several good motor roads to the Cape, and each has its good points. If you can be leisurely, you should take Route 3A through ecclesiastical Hingham, by the ledges of Cohasset, along the Scituate shore to Daniel Webster's Marshfield, and Duxbury where Miles Standish is buried with his two wives, and John Alden sleeps beside Priscilla.

You won't have to wait until you get to the Cape to see sweet villages drowsing under wineglass elms, and little gray houses behind tall hollyhocks. In the long ago (before paint was used to mask wood) sun and storm beat on these little houses and turned most of them to silver-gray. And some were weathered brown, for the sea air paints different woods in different ways. By and by, New Englanders experimented with white-wash, and now hundreds of little houses are white as daisies, and they sit primly behind their little picket fences, with a lilac bush on either side of each front door, and Sweet William marching up the walk.

If you take Route 3A, besides seeing the old houses, you will have incomparable views of the sea. And

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from Cohasset, where the views are finest, you can see Minot's Light, which flashes One—Four—Three—One—Four—Three—all the night long. 'I love you—*I Love You!*'

But you don't have to take Route 3A—maybe you don't like old towns and sentimental lighthouses. Maybe you are hungry. Then get over to Route 138 as quickly as possible. In Whitman, twenty-three miles from Boston, is the celebrated Toll House where pretty waitresses serve some of the best popularly priced meals in New England.

I could sit in Ruth Wakefield's garden and eat butterscotch pecan rolls all day. Ruth and Kenneth Wakefield own the place, and when they bought the old house, it was very down-at-heel. Now it appears regularly in all the best architectural magazines, and a thousand persons eat there every day.

From the Toll House it is twenty miles to Plymouth, where you should plan to spend most of a day browsing about. If you don't want to stop now, and are planning to spend some time on the Cape, you can come back later. Plymouth is only about twenty minutes' drive from either of the Bridges. And before you come, buy Eleanor Early's *And This Is Boston!*—Adv.!—which tells quite a lot about Plymouth, and why shouldn't I boost my own books?

There is a seven-mile road that parallels the Canal, and some time you should drive along it when the New York boat is going through. In late August the passage is made at twilight (eight-fifteen)—'soberlight,'

the old settlers called it. And it seems as if every visitor on the Cape is there to see the sight. The boat's huge searchlight plays on the banks and the effect is like a stage setting.

But in the winter when its rays illumine ice and snow—and the tourists are at home—and the banks are white and lonely, it is a hundred times lovelier. When I go from Boston to New York by boat, I stay on deck and freeze to see it, and it is so sublimely desolate that when it is over I repair at once to the bar.

The Canal is an artificial waterway cutting off seventy miles of extremely dangerous ocean, and if canals and waterways are incomprehensible to you, get yourself a road map of Massachusetts and Connecticut and see how the boats passing through the Canal follow the coast all the way to New York Harbor. If it were not for the Canal, they would have to go around Provincetown, where there are shoals and dreadful fogs. And when you have heard about the wrecks off Provincetown, you will be glad that someone thought up the Canal.

Miles Standish was the first to suggest it. The Pilgrims, you remember, spent some time in Holland where an engineer would naturally become interested in canals.

A hundred years later, George Washington declared himself in favor of it, but it was not until 1909 that August Belmont with a silver spade turned up a shovelful of earth and bade the laborers fall to work. In 1918 the Government took control of the Canal as a war

measure, and bought it a few years later. I dislike being statistical, but I have noticed that the Canal is just some water to a great many people, and the steel spans nothing but a couple of bridges, and I think it is too bad for anyone to be so unappreciative. And now, with that little lecture out of the way, we will proceed to Sandwich.

A mile or so beyond the Bridge, you will see a sign suggesting a detour through Sandwich Village on a by-road that rejoins Route 6 (the way to Provincetown), and this you must surely take.

Sandwich is famous for a number of things, but especially for glass. There are shops on every corner with colored pitchers and gay saucers for bait, and signs that say 'Genuine Sandwich Glass.' As it is impossible to distinguish a piece of true Sandwich from other pressed glass, you might as well buy something, and when you go home tell everybody how precious it is. No one will know enough to dispute you seriously. Your piece may have been made in Ireland or in Pittsburgh—or in England, Ohio, or Kentucky (for old glass bears no mark)—but if the dealer will vouch for its source and history, take his word and value your treasure accordingly.

I once bought in Moultonborough four little port glasses of garnet and crystal, and paid seventy-five cents apiece for them. There were more, but I was feeling poor that day, and three dollars was all I wanted to spend. The next summer I saw a pair exactly like them in a shop in Sandwich.

The old man took them off the shelf and dusted them and held them up to the light, and the crimson sparkled like rubies.

'Yes, ma'am,' he said. 'Them little glasses is genuine Sandwich, and a bargain if ever they was one.'

'I have four like them,' I said, 'and I paid seventy-five cents apiece for them.'

They were so beautiful, sparkling in the sun, I wanted them at once. I opened my purse. I had three dollars.

'I'll give you all I have,' I said. 'Three dollars for the pair.'

The old man moistened his finger and polished their lovely brims.

'Five dollars apiece, Lady,' he said, 'and I ain't given to hagglin'.'

Someone should buy them, and sip port from them in the firelight, for nothing so shining should gather dust on a mean man's shelf.

Some of the old glass is beautiful, and some is hideous. The Sandwich Historical Society rooms are open, I think, only on Wednesday, but if you telephone the curator, whose name is on the door, she will send someone to let you in. In addition to the glass collection (every piece of it authentic!), there is a great case of treasures that belonged to Mrs. Hannah Burgess whose amazing adventures were crowded into two incredible years.

Captain William Burgess with his great black beard was twenty-two when he took Hannah for his bride

and the *Whirlwind* for his ship. The Captain was a handsome lad under that awful beard, and Hannah was a pretty girl, for their pictures are here to prove it. They sailed a clipper to San Francisco on their honeymoon, and Hannah set out to cure her husband of swearing. They were a hundred and twenty-nine days at sea, long enough to try the patience of a youth like the Captain, and the bride kept a diary.

'I think William stands it very well,' she wrote, 'considering his disposition. Yet one thing grieves me. In his letters written to me at sea William appeared to enjoy sweet communion with his God. O that he might again experience this happy feeling!'

Hannah was a pious girl, and though William's shortcomings filled her with misgivings, she hoped to save his willful soul. On the night of their last day at sea she wrote, 'I am happy in the love of my husband.'

Back in New York, the newlyweds stepped to the deck of another clipper ship, the *Challenger*, in which they headed once more around the Horn. Leaving San Francisco, the Captain had orders to pick up a cargo of guano at the Chincha Islands and proceed with it to Havre. (I'll bet you don't know what guano is!) While they were loading, the Captain was taken ill and could not leave his berth. The nearest doctor was in Chile—twenty-three days away. The mate, though able to shoot the sun, could not work out the ship's position from his observations.

'I can,' said Hannah, and for three weeks she made all the calculations and helped to navigate the *Challenger* to Valparaiso.

Two days before they reached there, William died in her arms. When they came into port, she arranged for his body to be brought home in the ship *Harriet Irving*, for the Burgesses did not hold with burials at sea. Back they came to Sandwich, and Hannah laid her husband to rest in the cemetery at Sagamore, and promised that she would take no more voyages until she went to join him. She never left Sandwich again, but surrounded herself with her treasures, and lived and died among the lovely things the Captain had brought her from faraway lands. When she died, she willed them to the Historical Society. There is a photograph of her taken when she was an old lady sitting among her souvenirs, and there is the Bible from which she read to William every day while he lay dying.

You will want to go upstairs to see the collections there, and especially the baby carriage for twins, made like a funeral hack, all black and mournful.

You may not admire all the glass, but look for the lacy plates with the lovely names— Rose in the Snow, Star and Feather, Blue Jay and Holly, and Bird and Butterfly. Lace glass originated in Sandwich, and so did some of the loveliest colors.

The secret of yellow glass was brought from England by a renegade workman, but it was a horrid vaseline color, and the Sandwich men improved upon it and turned out a golden canary that is rare now and valuable. Robin's-egg blue was popular, and amethyst, and ruby, and the white opaque glass called dove.

The semi-opaque hens on nests, of which there are

copies everywhere, were bought by a mustard company and plastered with red and orange labels and filled with mustard. And the little upside-down hats, which were used for match and toothpick holders, were made for a manufacturer of salve.

Cup plates came in lovely shades of lavender, pale green, and raspberry. They were sometimes called Sentiment Plates and were given as tokens of regard, and the ones with all the little hearts on the rim were Valentine gifts. They were used to hold the cup, while tea or coffee was drunk from the saucer. But *Godey's Lady's Book* said that drinking from the saucer was bad form, and by and by the womenfolk gathered up their pretty plates and hid them on the top shelf, so that nobody would know they ever did such a thing.

There is an element of the marvelous about glass. It seems incredible to fuse such things as sand and soda and lime, and produce a beautiful and magic transparency. Pliny says that the Phoenicians discovered it by accident.

Some mariners with a cargo of *nitrum* landed on the banks of the river Belus in the Holy Land, and finding no stones on which to rest their cooking pots, they placed masses of *nitrum* under them; and the *nitrum*, fused by the heat with the sand, ran off in little crystal streams. No one knows how long ago the Egyptians knew the secret, but I have seen in the museum in Cairo glass from the tombs of Pharaohs who lived three thousand years ago.

Sidon was famous for its shimmering glass houses,

and ancient Sidonians were buried in glass caskets. Greeks and Romans improved upon the Phoenician art, and there were mosaic glass pavements in ancient Rome. Claudius had a bath with glass pillars and a shining roof, and a *nouveau riche* named Firmus built himself a house of glass. In the Middle Ages, the Pope conferred a title of nobility upon Venetians who made glass worthily—but to hear some people talk you'd think there was no glass in the world until Sandwich made it!

Shortly after the Revolution there was a factory in Boston that made window glass, punchbowls weighing thirty-eight pounds, and large lugubrious lamps. In 1825 the industry came to Sandwich. But it was the dense pine forests on the Cape that determined its location, and not the sand as many people think.

Sand for glass must be soft and mealy, and Cape sand is gritty. Factory owners sent to New Jersey for the kind they wanted, and to the Berkshires. And by and by they sent to Florida—and to France. Sandwich had a navigable creek, cheap land and pines enough for everlasting fuel, and the industry boomed as nothing in America had boomed before. The owners sent to England, and hired the best glassblower in the kingdom from under the young Queen's nose. And they sent to Ireland for a man who knew how to make ruby glass from minted gold.

The first glassblowers were men of large physique, and they were artists. There was no comparison between their work and the later pressed glass, which was

so vulgar that it was distributed as premiums with cheap merchandise. After a while pressed glass became the main product of Sandwich, but they also blew flips, and jars, and the loveliest of bottles, and ruby glass after the Bohemian manner.

In the beginning, vessels plied between Boston and the Cape bringing in raw materials and taking away glass. But finally there was a railroad laid—the first freight transportation system in America. In the spring and autumn goods were shipped to New York and sold at auction to jobbers from all parts of the country. In bad times the company stored the output in warehouses, and kept on blasting and waited for a better day.

Houses were built near the works, and almost everybody in town bought a horse and buggy. Ladies sent to India for their shawls and to Boston for their bonnets. The gentlemen, in their hours of leisure, took up fishing and gunning, and so depleted the game that Daniel Webster—the Cape's first sportsman—became discouraged and bought himself a place in Marshfield.

After the Civil War, Manager George Washington Lafayette Fessenden hired any cripple who ever wore a uniform, and on every Fourth of July Mr. Fessenden gave every boy in town fifty cents for firecrackers.

August Pope, the iceman, used to leave a piece of ice on the window sill of the packing room, so that the men could cool their beer, and the men, in return, would leave an occasional piece of glass for Mr. Pope.

And now Mr. Pope's great-grandchildren have the finest pieces in town.

For a long time the workers could make anything they wanted and take it home, but later they paid cost price for glass. After a piece was finished, it was weighed, and the maker paid fourteen cents a pound for the glass that was in it.

The oddities in the Historical Society, and the occasional freak pieces you see in the shops, were made in off hours. There are also the odd pieces of Christopher Muldoon, who superintended each mix, extracting a sample of the fused material, which he tested and blew, and shaped with care. Mr. Muldoon invented fanciful forms and gave them to his friends, and these are worth enough to make poor Mr. Muldoon turn in his grave.

I heard a woman browsing around an antique shop say to the dealer, 'Why, *that* isn't Sandwich! I never saw that pattern in my life. No, sir—you can't palm that off on me!'

Nobody could know all the patterns. There were four hundred different shapes and designs of lamps made in Sandwich. There were three hundred varieties of salt cellars, and two hundred different candlesticks. There were five hundred tumblers turned out every five-hour shift, and more patterns than ever were listed.

The glassmakers had their favorite recipes for mixes, and there was a book of formulas which George Washington Lafayette Fessenden guarded with his life.

After Mr. Fessenden died, misfortune befell Sandwich. Patterns degenerated, and people said the glass was heavy and lusterless. There was a glassmaker's union, and finally Sandwich joined. Business at the time was waning, and the management was in no mood to tolerate dictation.

On New Year's Day in 1888, an order arrived for a rush shipment of lamps — fancy, parlor lamps — when the union ordered a walk-out.

'If the fires are allowed to go out, they never will be relighted,' the owner said.

The workers struck, and it was said some of them cried when they took off their aprons.

Five years later, all stored goods were sold to a chain of Five-and-Ten-Cent stores, and odds and ends were thrown on a junk heap. And people still poke around that junk heap.

In 1905, another firm purchased what was left of the old works. They remelted piles of broken and discarded glass and produced a brownish ware which nobody liked. And that was the end of Sandwich glass.

Now, if you are tired and haven't eaten, the Old Mill Shop is a charming place. It is pleasant on the terrace in the sunshine, with the little brook singing over the stones and the willows bending over the water. There are so many willows on the Cape that I think some old Cape Codder must have known John Parke Custis.

Somebody sent Alexander Pope's sweetheart a box of figs from Smyrna and they were wrapped around with willow wands. The poet saved the biggest one, and

planted it in his garden, where it grew and grew (wil-lows grow very fast, but they don't live very long), and a friend of Pope's, coming to America, brought a slip from the tree and gave it to John Parke Custis, the son of Martha Washington. Mr. Custis planted it at Arlington, and from Mr. Custis's tree all American wil-lows are descended.

You can get an excellent Continental meal at the Mill Shop, prepared before your eyes, and when you have finished, we will go to the old Hoxie house.

CHAPTER TWO

OLD HOUSES AND BURYING GROUNDS

THE Hoxie house, said to be the oldest on the Cape, was bought by Captain Abraham Hoxie in the middle of the nineteenth century. Fixing to perk her up a mite, the Captain tore out the old chimney—and, by mighty! there was a brick marked 1637!

‘Judas priest!’ exclaimed the Captain. ‘I cal’late she’s a powerful old house! She must of belonged to the Pilgrims.’

Sandwich is the oldest town on the Cape, and was settled in 1637. The Captain, home from a whaling voyage, began looking up records. Thomas Dexter and nine of his neighbors had obtained from Plymouth Colony Court a grant of the township. The Dexters, disappointed in the new settlement, moved shortly to Lynn, and there Mr. Dexter worked so hard that he fell asleep in the middle of a sermon. Three Sundays he dozed—and twice he snored, the records said—and the Court indicted him as ‘a common sleeper at meetings,’ which so shamed the poor man that he never was heard from again.

Fifty years later, the Captain’s house was occupied by the Reverend John Smith and Mrs. Smith and thirteen little Smiths. But that was all the records told. Who built the house with its back to the beautiful lake no one knows, nor who planted the jasmine that grows to the salt-box roof.

If you never saw a salt box, all I can say is that they were exactly like this house, minus additions and ells. In New England, our grandmothers kept salt boxes on the mantel over the stove—and our great-grandmothers, over the kitchen fireplace.

Houses and salt boxes, and the simplicity of them. The old builders had an aversion to pretense and sham, and their houses mirrored their souls. They built two rooms on the ground floor and a loft under the roof. (You must see this house from the front to appreciate it.) They built in meadows, to face the rising sun—sometimes on a knoll, sometimes in a hollow. They harmonized material and environment. A thatched roof on a shingled house, framed by silver poplars. By and by they built at the back, or on the side, and the kitchen moved into a lean-to. A stairway was partitioned off, and the roof tree raised. Then the loft became 'upstairs bedrooms,' with windows in the gable ends.

As householders grew prosperous, the kitchen took on ells, one after another, until the house joined the barn, and a man could do his chores of a winter night without setting foot to the ground.

The little houses spread out, but they never stretched up. It took the sea captains to think of attics. The gray houses clung to the good earth as if they loved it—flat to the ground, with their pastures like petticoats around them.

Some of them were sagging into pathetic disrepair when they were rescued by people who loved them. Have you ever thought how like we grow to the things

we love? I know a woman who lives in a sky-blue hacienda that looks as though it had been sired by a Los Angeles filling station out of a Moroccan café, and every year she gets dizzier and queerer, and more like her horrific hacienda. And I know a lady who lives in a Cape Cod house, and she is gracious and serene, and her disposition is as nice as her house.

The remodeled houses are really the most attractive, especially if they have ruffled muslin curtains, and a shining knocker on a blue door, and delphinium and Madonna lilies along the walk. Don't be afraid of falling in love with such a place, because

He who loves an old house
Will never love in vain;
For how can any old house,
Used to sun and rain,
To lilac and to larkspur,`
And arching trees above,
Fail to give its answer
To the heart that gives it love.

There is another interesting house in Sandwich, built by Seth Pope, who traced his line to the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror. Seth the Peddler, he was called. In 1669, Seth was ordered to leave town for fear he might become a public charge. Swearing to return and 'buy up the place,' he departed, fuming and furious.

And, sure enough, back he came. He was gone thirty years (and I wish I knew what he'd been doing). But down he put his money, and he bought more land than you could shake a stick at. He built two houses,

one for Seth, junior, and one for his son John. Then he left again, vowing that he 'would not live in the damn town.' His sons stayed on, and established the two branches of the Pope family in Sandwich. And one of their houses is still standing, a beautiful monument to the belligerent Seth.

There is a lovely old church in Sandwich with a pilared portico and a spire after Christopher Wren. There are elms that were planted when the church was built, so that ladies from East Sandwich might walk in the shade. And there is the cemetery where the ladies sleep in everlasting shade.

Whenever I see a beautiful cemetery, I think of what Shelley said when he visited the grave of Keats in Rome:

'It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.'

Cemeteries are one of my favorite passions, and I am practically an expert on the aesthetic values of the Cape's best burying grounds. I hope you won't consider this a ghoulish boast, for I assure you that I know nothing more comforting than forgotten graves beneath a weeping willow. Populous cemeteries with polished stones and iron fences are not to my taste.

Perhaps, being in a holiday mood, you had rather not talk about death and graveyards. The Pilgrims, you see, had a different point of view. They accepted death with such passionate belief in a better world to come that their fears were quieted. And they lived so in the presence of the Dark Angel, they came almost to love him.

They would not have held, I suppose, with the mysticism of Saint Francis — yet their faith was much the same. Saint Francis, you remember, talked of 'my brother — the death of the body.' In Boston, Puritan clergymen thundered of hell and damnation, but on the Cape the Reverend John Smith spoke gently of heaven, and his sermons were mild as those of the little man from Assisi.

If you do not care to wander through the cemetery, look over the wall directly in the middle, where lies Miss Patty Nye, who died at twenty-two, 'after a short but virtuous life.' Patty has a nice little angel on her stone. Next to her are the Crockers — father and son — with another cherub to guard their rest. And there is Mrs. Louis Bodfish, who died, complacently, at thirty-three:

Ye that survive me, look hereon.
 Say to my praise that here lies one
 Gave joy and comfort while she'd breath,
 Great consolation at her death.

These three stones are typical of the Revolutionary period. There are older stones back toward the lake, with death's heads and skull and crossbones, but they are sunk into the ground, and so moss-grown that it is almost impossible to read the inscriptions. On the very shore of the lake lies Lucky Lucy Weston:

My ears attend the cry!
 Ye living men come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.

But Lucy didn't know what nice ground she was going to have, nor how few of us will be so favored.

There is another cemetery where admirers of Joseph Jefferson go. If you are old enough to remember Mr. Jefferson and would like to see his grave, go back on the road that brought us to Sandwich — half a mile beyond the Historical Society. At this end of the cemetery, back under that big maple, you can see, dimly through the leaves, the Jefferson Boulder. There are bird baths of natural stone, and the birds dry themselves on Mr. Jefferson's stone, and sing small songs while they ruffle their feathers.

They say that Jefferson tried to buy property in Sandwich (he came here to fish with Grover Cleveland), but there were Puritans in town who had no use for actors, and Mr. Jefferson went off to Palm Beach, where everybody was glad to have him. But before he went, he ordered a double lot in the burying ground.

'They won't let me live in Sandwich,' he said, 'but they can't keep me from sleeping here.'

And back from Palm Beach he came, in a purple velvet casket with solid silver handles.

Dear — dear — how mournful we are! Suppose we go along now to the Fisheries and the Game Preserve. We will drive under the elms past the Daniel Webster Inn — yes, Daniel Webster really stayed there. But the fireplaces are all boarded up. There is a radio in the bar. And twin beds in Mr. Webster's room.

Webster liked an out-size bed with feather mattress, and there was a sliding panel in the wall through which a servant passed a hot toddy when the statesman belowed, 'Rum!'

When Webster came to Sandwich, the ponds were filled with fish, but fishermen multiplied quicker than trout, and before long there were hardly any fish left. Watch just beyond the village on Route 6, going toward Barnstable, for a small sign on your right— FISHERIES, I think it says.

If you are no fisherman, you may not think a visit worth while, but if you do go in, ask to see the baby fish in the glass tube. When fish come out of the egg, they are about half an inch long and very skinny, and they are hitched right on to the yolk. For some weeks they feed on this yolk. When they are an inch long and as big around as a small worm, they begin getting pig livers to eat.

The first week the babies go on solids they get two hundred pounds of liver, finely ground. They hatch in January— three hundred thousand at once— and in June they are eating half a ton of liver every week. Then they go on pig hearts and spleen. By November, they get a whole ton of hearts and spleen. Then they are put into ponds, and have to find their own groceries.

Ninety thousand trout are placed annually in streams on the Cape, and forty thousand salmon in ponds. They are put out when they are nine months old, and five or six inches long. It takes fifty-five days for an egg to hatch and two out of three young fish die.

Three miles from the Fisheries, on the same road, is the Game Preserve, and you must watch again for a small sign on the right. In the woods just off the road is a picnic ground. Fireplaces with grills, under the pines. And piles of wood, all split!

Back in the meadows men raise thousands of pheasants and quail. The baby quail are about as big as bumble bees, and the pheasants not much bigger than mushrooms. To feed the pretty birds there are acres of nodding white buckwheat. They get lettuce, too, and Chinese cabbage, and hard-boiled eggs with their mash. They are well protected from weasels and hawks. And when they are plump and tender, they are brought to the woods for hunters to kill. It doesn't make much sense, does it?

Back on the King's Highway, we are on our way to Barnstable. Watch on your left for the dunes. That is Sandy Neck over there across the harbor—seven miles long and half a mile wide. On it—in a kingdom of dunes—lives a mad hermit, with a fire engine for a toy. The hermit doesn't like callers, and if you tried to drive out there, you would get stuck in the sand.

In the old days Sandy Neck was used as a try yard for whaling. There was a minister named Roland Cotton who complained because his salary was in arrears; the town fathers said he could have all the whales—'not killed by hand'—that were driven or cast ashore on Sandy Neck. There were so many that Mr. Cotton gave up preaching and spent his days trying.

The try works were built on the beach. The blubber, after being sliced and minced, was tried out, and the oil barreled. It was thought to be good for rheumatism, and Mr. Cotton recommended it for baldness.

Jonah, I suppose, was the first whaler. But William Hamilton was the first to kill a whale upon this coast.

William was born in Scotland and came to the Cape in his youth. One day a sick whale was cast upon the beach in front of his house, and Mr. Hamilton dispatched it with a tomahawk.

But when he went around bragging, he was persecuted for killing the creature as one who dealt with evil spirits, and there was so much talk that the Hamiltons left Sandy Neck and went to Connecticut, where the whole family lived to tremendous old ages. Mr. Hamilton was a hundred and three when he died, and his daughter Thankful was a hundred and five. Five of his children were centenarians, but the baby, Mary, died at sixty-four of the croup.

The Indian name for Sandy Neck was Cummaquid, which meant Long Point, and is so much nicer than Sandy Neck that I cannot imagine why they changed it.

Barstable was first known as The Great Marshes, and you can see how appropriate the name was. In the fall, the marsh grass turns to gold. And the sea comes to lie in pools in the golden grass. Pools of the loveliest blue—a fierce blue, a mad blue, blue of dragons on Chinese rugs. Beyond the golden grass, the scarlet of the oaks is as crimson as a Cardinal's robe. Across the moors, the dunes—petal-blue of an autumn day.

Unless you have seen the Cape in the fall, you could not believe the colors of familiar things. Cranberry bogs glow garnet in sunshine, and in the shade they are mauve. The air is so clear that every blade of grass is etched, and all the scarlet leaves of the meanest shrub. If you think the marshes are beautiful now, I can only say, 'You should see them in October.'

Six miles or so from Sandwich we come to West Barnstable and a fine old burying ground (*please don't say you don't like burying grounds!*). There is a sign on the roadside that says it is the burial place of Mad Jack Percival, who went to sea at fourteen to fight the English, the French, and the pirates. And when his fighting days were over, he sailed Old Ironsides around the world. Captain Percival's life was undoubtedly exciting, but his grave is not nearly so interesting as some of the others.

See if you can find Isaiah Wright's, who

was shot
and instantly killed
near his own house
on the evening of
Jan. 10, 1863.
Age 41 yrs.

Mr. Wright has a pine tree at his head and another at his feet, and his grave is surrounded by unmarked mounds. I tried to find out who murdered him, but there was no arrest and the shooting remained a mystery. Read what the widow had to say:

Dear Husband, thou has left me
Without one parting word
But I hope in Heaven to meet you
And there to dwell with God.
I hope that God will spare me
To hear thy murderer's doom,
Then I hope to be prepared
To leave this world and come.

The oldest part of the burying ground is on the Center Street side where roses climb over the stone wall.

Here the stones have death's heads with feathered wings, and curious faces with heart-shaped mouths.

Look for the Hamlein lot, and decide for yourself whether the heads on the stones of Seth and Sarah are portraits. Antiquarians say that likenesses were occasionally carved on old stones, and once in a while someone reports finding one. You will notice that Seth's name is spelled 'Hamblen' and his wife's 'Hamlein.' As you grow familiar with these old burying grounds, you will become accustomed to diversified spelling.

Nobody spelled well in the seventeenth century, and royalty was as careless as the rest. They say Elizabeth spelled 'sovereign' in seven different fashions, and Leicester wrote his name eight ways. It was not a mark of illiteracy to spell, not only unlike your neighbor, but unlike yourself on the line before.

Cotton Mather tells us that Governor Bradford spoke Dutch as he did English — 'and French he could manage. Latin and Greek he had mastered, but the Hebrew most of all he studied' — and you should see how the Governor spelled!

In Barbados, in an old English cemetery, I copied an epitaph that had nearly every word misspelled:

Hir Soll is Fled
 She Gorn to Dust
 But riz agane
 She Shurly Must
 When Jesus with his
 Lovly vorce
 Corlls forth his Sants
 For to Rejois.

To understand the old gravestones, you must close your eyes to the present and see them with the eyes of the past. Then they will be neither grotesque nor quaint. The death's head, round-eyed and calm, will no longer be an amusing thing, but a symbol with untroubled vision.

Ministers and stone-carvers worked together with sympathetic hearts, and planned the carvings and the pious sentiments. Read what they said about Maria Otis Colby, the minister's wife.

She read a vast variety of the best writers yearly. She was lovely and beloved. And the way she marked her Bible gave evidence of the way she pursued it.

The story of her death was composed by her bereaved husband:

Her bed of Death, what pen can portray! In the distress of excruciating miseries, she firmly recommended God and heaven to a crowd of weeping parishioners and poured out her soul in the most devout prayer while her spirit seemed wafted on and upward to that better world wherein dwelleth righteousness.

The Otises were the most important family in Barnstable, and they have most of the table tombs. Table tombs bespoke wealth and dignity. The family lot with its small stones is interesting—the angel with the twisted face on James's grave, and the inscription on Rebecca's.

Jonathan Russell, the first pastor of Barnstable's church, is buried beneath a flat stone set in the ground.

It tells how he was pastor for above forty years, and how the people loved him. 'His church and people did him Honour at his Death and were at the expense of his Funeral and this Monument.'

Funerals in those days were grand affairs, and a minister's burial was a true spectacle. Even the horses wore black—black plumes, black robes, black *stockings*! And on their foreheads the horses wore death's heads.

When Waitstill Winthrop died, twenty-two pounds were spent on trappings for the horses. Later the finery was used to decorate the pulpit of the Congregational Church and the home of the mourning family. The church, by the way, is still standing—a descendant of the first Congregational Church in London. It is, I think, the oldest church on the Cape, and it is where Mr. Russell preached so long. If you wish to see it, turn on Center Street. But before you go, I want to show you how the stone-carvers warned people to prepare for death. It was the thought always in their minds. Their business was not so much to adorn a grave as to point a moral.

When Sarah Shaw, long ailing, died at twenty-two, they carved on her tomb this verse:

Early, not sudden, fled my breath,
Soon, not surprising, was my death.
Come, let the gay and blooming youth
This read and feel the solemn truth,
Be ready now, for Death may soon
Seize on your frame and cut you down.

I like the dignified credentials of old David Parker who died in 1813, at the age of seventy-three:

This stone designates the place where the remains of David Parker, Esq. are deposited in hopes of the resurrection. He was able and upright, efficient and useful, a supporter of religion, respected and beloved by his family and numerous acquaintances.

If you would like to see, all together, the various heads of the period, look for the Parkers next the Hamleins. That might be a portrait of Mr. Parker, since portraits were frequently given wings. Next to him is his wife Desire, with a death's head on her tomb. Then their daughter Hannah, with a marcelled angel, whose wings are a different type.

Behind the Parkers are the Hinckleys (spelled with an 'e,' and also spelled without). The Hinckley angels look as though they had emerged from a permanent. And behind the Hinckleys are the Blishes, with heads of still a different pattern.

If you have not had enough of burying grounds, there is another old one three miles along the King's Highway, distinguished chiefly for the skeleton profiles on its stones. There are some nice three-quarter views, too. Look for the one on old Mr. Thomas Sturgis's grave with the horrible teeth. Skulls were common enough, but profiles were rare, and you may never see any others like these. Death's heads were designed to warn the living, 'As I am now, so you must be,' and they were supposed to be particularly efficacious for children and persons unable to read.

Maybe what you need now is a drink. Cap'n Grey's is just beyond, and there are cocktail rooms there. Everything at Cap'n Grey's is good, and lobster, steak, and chicken are specialties.

If you feel like shopping, drop in at the Coach House on the way—the gray house with the blue shutters and petunias tumbling out of blue window boxes. I have heard that the Coach House was formerly Crocker Tavern, and that it was built in 1640. I cannot verify this, but it is a fine old place.

Beyond Cap'n Grey's is the Sturgis Library, a gracious old home, but considerably remodeled. Across the way is the Crocker Barn where antiques are sold. Last year they had a cradle painted blue inside the hood, and if I could be sure I'd ever have a blue-eyed baby I should buy it. Oh, that reminds me of Deacon Doane—Deacon John Doane of Barnstable, who lived to be one hundred and ten. He died in 1707, and for the last ten years of his life, he was rocked to sleep in a cradle!

Here is the gray County Court House. And across the way is Barnstable Inn, a pleasant place with a garden behind the wall. If you did not eat at Cap'n Grey's, perhaps you would like to stop here, for luncheon or for tea. And while we are waiting, I'll tell you the gossip about the David Linnels, and what the boys did to the Widow Nabby Freeman.

My dear, it was the most dreadful thing—David and Hannah Shelley were married on the thirtieth of May, and they went housekeeping with Hannah's

mother, old Mrs. Judith Shelley. Mrs. Shelley was a terrific gossip, and she had been excommunicated for slandering the ladies of the Benevolent Society. Still, you wouldn't think a woman would gossip about her own daughter. They say she was so angry with David that she couldn't keep quiet. Anyhow the story leaked out. David and Hannah had a trial marriage! And afterward they got married in earnest.

Well, when the deacons heard the story, they ordered Hannah and her husband to appear before them. Poor Hannah was only seventeen, and when she confessed, they made her stand up in church and tell everybody. When Court met in Plymouth, the confession was presented, and Hannah and David were ordered to be publicly whipped in Barnstable. And after that, they were excommunicated.

Forty years later, David rejoined the church, but Hannah wouldn't so much as speak to a deacon. They had seven children, and when David died, he left his land to one son, and his house to the other. And the lean-to he left to Hannah, to spend her widowhood in.

The Widow Nabby Freeman lived a hundred years after Hannah, and there were no whipping posts nor ducking stools then. If there had been, Nabby probably would have been ducked, for she was the most voluble Tory in town. She kept a small grocery store in Barnstable Village, and all day long she talked to her customers. Nabby was a pacifist, and Nabby loved the King.

One night, when she was haranguing a group of

young men from her bedroom window, one of them reached up and pulled her to the ground. They took her feather mattress and all her big fat pillows, and they carried the poor woman to the Green. And there they tarred and feathered her. They took a rail from a fence, and hoisted her astride it, and carried it on their shoulders. And they paraded Nabby through all the town.

I wish I knew what happened next, and if Nabby ever conformed. I wonder how she got the tar and feathers off. And what she did to pay the hoodlums back.

Before you leave Barnstable, find your way to Shoot Flying Hill. You won't remember the name, until you know its literal meaning, and then you won't forget it. Early duck hunters went to the top of the hill to *shoot flying* ducks. Now there is an observation tower there, and the finest view on the Cape. You will have to ask directions, but the prettiest way is by Lake Wequaquet (on a dirt road off Route 132). Two paths bear from the woodland road to the tower—a seven or eight minutes' walk—and you should take the one that is wide and sandy.

If the day is clear (and you should know enough not to climb hills on cloudy days), you can see Minot's Light, and the Pilgrim Monument in Provincetown. There is Cape Cod Bay on one side, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, on the Sound. And the sea-girt Cape, dotted with ponds and lakes, stretches eastward to the outer ocean.

I have no apologies to make for the view at any time,

but I especially recommend it in the fall. The Cape's singular autumnal beauty is due partly to the lowness and thickness of the shrubbery. The little oaks are crimson. The berry bushes burn like scarlet flame along the ground. And the sea grows bluer every day.

I have loved the mountains in October, and raised my eyes to the hills. I have ridden through flaming forests of oaks and hemlocks and golden birches. And wherever I am, I think I have never seen autumn so lovely. But October on the Cape is like nothing else I know — and this is because its beauty is spread like a rug. The blueberry is ruby, and the bayberry is garnet. The little pitch pines are emerald, and the plum is amber. And nothing is brilliant against the sky, but stretched like colors on a loom — the loveliest, gayest loom in the world.

CHAPTER THREE

THAT REMINDS ME

BEFORE we leave Barnstable, I'll tell you about poor Barnabas Downs and how he lost his legs. Barnabas was a seaman on the *General Arnold*, which was wrecked in Plymouth Harbor on the night before Christmas in 1778. For four days and nights, she was lashed by a northeast storm as violent as ever was. And the men froze piecemeal. To keep their feet from freezing, they filled their boots with rum. But Barnabas, to keep his spirits up, drank his.

When the storm abated and men put out to rescue the survivors, there were seventy-two dead, and thirty-three living. And nine of these died in a week.

Barnabas lay on deck, his mustache as stiff as a board. The tears he shed were icicles on his chin. And he could neither move nor speak. The rescuers gathered up the frozen dead, and put them in the river to thaw. And one saw Barnabas's eyelids twitch. They chafed him and warmed him, and with the return of feeling, the pain he suffered was more excruciating than any he had endured before, for now he lost both legs and the tip of his nose.

The dead were taken to the Court House and ranged about the walls in coffins, and in three days they were buried.

Barnabas, when he had recovered, returned to Barnstable. And by and by he got him a wife, and had five

children. He worked his own garden, and sometimes he made pills for Doctor Abner Hersey.

Doctor Hersey was the only doctor on the Cape. He studied one year with his brother. And when his brother died, Abner, who was nineteen, took over his patients. No physician ever had a more extended practice. It began at Sagamore and extended to Provincetown, and the patients didn't go to the doctor. The doctor went to the patients.

On a certain day he visited each community, and if the roads were not blocked with snow he would be there on the hour. In the winter he drove a queer-looking sulky, and in the summer he rode a white horse. His clothes were large and loose, and lined all through with baize. He wore a red flannel cap, and when it stormed, a coat of seven calf skins and cowhide boots.

Doctor Hersey ate no meat, and drank no wine. He had on his bed twelve all-wool blankets. And his wife said there was not a woman on earth could get along with him. He had married, at twenty-two, a fashionable young lady—Hannah Allen of Barnstable—and I think, if they had lived two centuries later, Hannah might have divorced him for mental cruelty.

He was mortally afraid of the smallpox, and once, when he had been exposed to it, he shut himself in his room for a week, and had Hannah feed him through the window.

He made his own medicines, but permitted Edward Childs to use the mortar and pestle under his direction. And sometimes he let Barnabas Downs roll the pills.

Once he said to Mr. Childs, 'I have bequeathed you one hundred pounds in my will. What are you going to do with it?'

'Dress up my girls,' said Mr. Childs, 'and marry them off.'

The Doctor was indignant. 'None of my money shall be spent in buying fripperies for females,' he declared. And he changed his will and didn't leave Mr. Childs a cent. But when he died, it was discovered that he had planned wisely what should be done with his wealth. He established a chair of surgery for Harvard College, and divided the balance of his estate among the thirteen Congregational churches of the Cape.

Annually, three deacons from each of the churches assembled at the tavern in Barnstable, to direct the business of the Hersey farm, and receive their due of its wealth, for the doctor had made more money farming than practicing. The thirty-nine deacons, according to the terms of the will, were to live three days in the tavern with their expenses paid.

The deacons had a grand time, but so mismanaged affairs that at the end of ten years there was no money for anything but reunions. Matters dragged on another twenty years, and then the General Court stepped in and ordered that the farm be sold at auction, and the cash proceeds divided among the churches.

That was the time—the year 1840—that Amos Otis took to planting elms. On either side of the King's Highway in Yarmouth he planted them, little spindly things no bigger than your wrist. And look at them now!

I have heard that men plant maples for their children, oaks for their grandchildren, and elms for their great-grandchildren. But I keep on planting dogwood and magnolias, and the dogwood and magnolias keep on dying, so that posterity is getting nowhere at all. Next year I think I shall plant some elms.

Just before we come to Mr. Otis's trees, there are two beautiful gray houses on either side of a little street called Wharf Lane. Wharf Lane leads to the sea where lobsters and clams and quahaugs are sold. I went there one day to buy some deep-sea clams, and the boy who sold them remarked that the best clam pie on the Cape was made by the woman who lived across the way.

'Do you live there?' I asked him.

He shook his head sorrowfully. 'She's too clean,' he said. 'But I eats there. I scrubs myself up, and twice a day I eats there.' In recollection or anticipation, he rolled his eyes. 'Yes, *ma'am*,' he said.

I went to the little house. The marigolds and petunias looked enormous, the house was so small, and they bloomed in the riotous way that flowers do near the sea.

Yes—the lady of the house made deep-sea clam pies. But only for the boys who fished at the wharf. She didn't know as she'd want to bother with outsiders. But when I said I had never had a deep-sea clam pie, she was too kind to refuse.

'And did you never have wild-grape jelly?' she asked. 'Or a cranberry tart like we make on the Cape?'

The next day when I called for the pie, there was

bread hot from the oven, jars of plum and grape jelly, criss-cross cranberry pie, and lemon pie with golden méringue. On another day, Mrs. Cook made Cap'n's chowder and boiled lobsters, and we had supper in the front room of her little doll house. In the hunting season she roasted a duck, and gave us English plum pudding for dessert.

Good food, I think, merits mention in a travel book. Though I be accused of heresy, there are Cape women so sinful they serve canned clam chowder, and tinned lobster. You may not credit such depravity, but I give you my word of honor—and sea food, as you are bound to discover, is never so good canned. Cranberries, on the other hand, are better.

The first settlers tasted them, and spat them out because they were so bitter. But when they learned the trick of sweetening, they sent two barrels to Charles II, who was entertaining Nell Gwynn when they arrived. Nell took a handful home and stewed them, and gave them to her royal lover next time he came to call. People called them crane-berries then, because the cranes ate them.

And Charles said, 'Great Zounds! The cranes may have them, my sweet.'

For the next two hundred years Cape Codders were so busy whaling around the world, and fishing off distant banks, they never gave a thought to the little red berry that grew in their swamps. Then Henry Hall cleared his bog one year, and set the vines in a sanded top-soil. He watered them, and he weeded them.

And in the fall, Mrs. Hall bought some of that new sugar folks said was so good (*white* sugar!). She put the berries on to boil, with water to keep them from burning and sugar to make them sweet. And when they had cooled and jelled, Henry said it was as tasty a relish as ever he'd et. Next night the Halls had the minister and his wife to supper, and the news of that sauce spread so fast that pretty soon the whole Cape was talking. Even the captains put aside their charts and glass and took to making crane-berry sass.

Before long they were raising millions of bushels of berries and shipping them all over the country. Now they have factories beside the bogs, and make the sauce, and bottle the juice, as soon as the berries are picked. If you would like to see a preserving plant, there is one in South Hanson (Route 27) and another in Onset (Routes 6 and 28), both on the way to the Cape.

The industry is not so picturesque as it was when Uncle Jabez, in his horse and wagon, gathered the pickers and took them to the fields. For ten cents a ride, Uncle Jabe took folks to the bogs and home again. They brought their noonday dinner with them, and the girls put up chicken legs and slabs of pie for their beaux.

Girls wore sunbonnets then, and they had patches of oilcloth sewn across their long checkered aprons, for the picking is done on hands and knees, and the bogs are sometimes damp. They were paid at the end of the season, and with the money they bought their winter clothes, and every girl had a new dress for the

Cranberry Dance that marked the end of harvesting.

Now the picking is done by Portuguese. The bogs are lovely in the warm fall sunshine, and the pickers in their blue overalls and colored shirts crawl like gaudy bugs over the fields.

In the summer the berries are inconspicuous. Cranberry vines resemble a possible cross between a blueberry bush and a bayberry. You may have passed miles of bogs without recognizing them, for, until September, they are nothing much to see.

Since we are still talking of food, let me tell you something about sea clams. They are perfectly enormous things—ten inches and more in diameter. You may remember the one that Thoreau ate. He found a number on the beach in Eastham, which a storm had torn up from the bottom and cast ashore. He selected one about six inches long, and making a fire with driftwood, cooked it on the embers. Though it was very tough, he found it sweet and savory, and ate every bit.

That night Thoreau stayed with an old Wellfleet oysterman who told him how sea clams are dug—hens, he called them. The old man said that the great clams were good to eat, but that they always took out a certain part which was poisonous. 'People said it would kill a cat.'

Thoreau did not say that he had eaten a large one that afternoon, but he began to feel rather ill—and presently he *was* ill.

Now, I must be tougher than a cat, for I have eaten clams entire, and never been sick at all. I have gone

with the diggers two miles from shore, on the low tide of a full moon, when we waded to our waists, and dug in the dawn. At full moon there is a week of very low tides, and during this week the men at Yarmouth get some five thousand clams—enough to last until another month. They bring them in and plant them on a sand bar, and sell them for five cents apiece.

Indians tied the shells of sea clams to sticks and made hoes of them. And they are used for skimming fat from soups—skim-alls, the women call them. The horrid creatures can squirt ten feet in the wind. If you are going to stay on the Cape, you must learn something about fish, and you might as well start now.

Whales and clams both spout, but I think you won't confuse them. You dig clams. And you rake quahaugs, whose young are called little necks or cherry stones, and are eaten raw. Anybody can dig clams, but quahaugs are a bit more difficult. Professionals dredge for them from boats in the bay. And some people go after them at low tide with garden rakes. They are two or three times as big as clams, but I think they are not so flavorful.

Fishing was the Cape's first industry. When Edward Winslow, one of the Pilgrims, went to London from Leyden in 1618, to ask King James if they mightn't, please, come to America, the King asked what profit might arise.

'There would be fishing,' began Edward, 'may it please Your Majesty. . .'

'Fishing!' interrupted the King. 'So God have my

soul, 'tis an honest trade. 'Twas the Apostles' own calling.'

An English navigator named Cabot, who came to America shortly after Columbus, went home and told of seals and salmon, and 'soles a yard long.' A hundred years later, Bartholomew Gosnold, another Englishman, was navigating off these shores, and when a school of cod swam around his boat, he named the place Cape Cod. The King did not like that name, and changed it to Cape James. But no one would call it that.

'Cape Cod,' remarked Cotton Mather sententiously, 'is a name which it will never lose till shoals of cod-fish be seen swimming on its highest hills.'

Next to the cod, the most famous Cape fish is herring, and the proper name, I understand, is not herring at all, but alewife. They are salted and smoked, and when properly smelly, are strung through the gills—a dozen on a stick—and sold for ten cents a stick. You eat smoked herring in the fall, and fresh herring in the spring.

Joseph Lincoln tells of the Cape doctor who said that he was called every day in the fresh herring season, to take a bone from some child's throat. When I read the story, I thought of the day my Dominican cook swallowed a fish bone.

There was no telephone and no car, and the nearest doctor was many miles away. Auxangels choked and strangled, and I thought surely she would die. The garden boy turned three shades lighter when he saw her.

'Candle!' he cried. 'Candle!'

Auxangels nodded helplessly.

Chérie turned to me. 'I go, Miss, to church.'

I supposed it was to pray he went. And I pounded Auxangels on the back, and prayed too. 'God, she's choking!'

Chérie was back, a blessed candle in his hand. Candles are so impractical in the tropics that only the priests use them.

Auxangels opened her mouth. Chérie thrust in the soft candle. Auxangels gurgled. Chérie drew it out. And there was the fish bone!

But Dominica is a long way from Yarmouth, and we were talking about fish. Once the industry made big money for the Cape. There were wharves and warehouses in every town. Before the Civil War—and for several years afterward—there were great fishing fleets, skippered and manned by Cape Codders, that sailed to the Grand Banks for fish, and to the West Indies for rum and molasses.

There was one captain who took a shipload of warming pans to the West Indies, where cold was never known. The people used the pans to boil the sap out of sugar cane. Every one was sold, and the captain's fortune made.

That reminds me of the rich American touring in the Indies, whose concern for natives with heavy loads on their heads prompted her to send to Antigua a lot of wheelbarrows. The blacks were delighted. They loaded the wheelbarrows—lifted them on their heads—and carried them, proudly, to market.

Then there was the captain who sent a cargo of babies' cradles around the Horn in '48, to serve as 'rockers' for gold mining, in the furor just begun. And the prices they brought made another fortune.

The first ice for the tropics went sailing out from the Cape, and you can imagine the sensation it made. People bought it just to sit on. . . . And that (the ice) reminds me of Leif Eriksson.

You know, I suppose, that it was Leif Eriksson — and not Christopher Columbus — who discovered America. But did you know that the Erikssons spent three winters on the Cape? That Thorwald Eriksson is buried in Yarmouth? And that Mrs. Karlsefne (who was the Widow Eriksson) had a son born here?

Gudrid was the widow's name, and she was said to be the most beautiful woman in Iceland. She married three times, and made three perilous voyages — one with each of her husbands. With her first husband she was shipwrecked off Greenland, and rescued by Leif Eriksson. When her husband died of the plague that killed Eric the Red (Leif's father), she married Thorstein Eriksson (Leif's brother), and sailed with him for America.

Thorstein had made up his mind to bring home the body of another brother — Thorwald — who had been killed by Indians in Yarmouth, and buried in the little village now called Hockanom. But on the voyage a plague resembling the Black Plague came upon the ship, and Thorstein and many of his followers died. On his death-bed, Thorstein told his wife, Gudrid,

that she must beware of marrying any Greenlander. But that she should marry an Iclander.

'You shall live together for a long time,' he told her, and 'travel to the Southland. You shall outlive your husband, and return to Iceland, and there you shall take the veil and give your property to the church.'

Icelanders believed, as many people do, that to the dying were granted gifts of prophecy. Gudrid believed her husband, and when Thorfinn Karlsefne, a mariner from Iceland, asked her to marry him, she said yes. Karlsefne brought her to Vinland. The Erikssons had christened the Cape 'Vinland' because of the beautiful grapes Leif found here. Leif let the Karlsefnes take his Vinland house, and they determined to make a permanent settlement.

Gudrid had a baby, who was the first white child born in America, antedating young Peregrine White by about six hundred years. From this boy—the first white native-born Cape Codder—there sprang a proud line of Icelanders, including the greatest Christian bishops of the land. The Karlsefnes stayed here until the child was three years old, when they were driven away by the Indians. Before they left, they captured two little native boys, and carried them to Iceland.

Karlsefne died some years after their return, and Gudrid's American-born son was head of the family. When he became a man, he built a church at Glaumboea in Iceland, and there Gudrid took the veil. So that the first white woman to live on Cape Cod died

a nun.... This, you understand, is the story from Icelandic manuscripts.

Thorwald is said to be buried in Yarmouth, in the section called Hockanom, but that is only conjecture. He was struck by an Indian arrow, and when he knew he must die, he said to his men, 'You shall bury me here, and place a cross at my head and another at my feet, and call it Crossness forever more.'... And wouldn't it be nice if they *would* call it Crossness?

If you are tired now with legends and history, I know several good places to eat. First there is the Anchorage, famous for its hot bread. Almost everybody asks the recipe, but nobody has learned it. There are three small old houses side by side, with gray shingled sides and white clapboarded fronts, and the first of the three is the Anchorage. You may eat on the terrace or in the garden, or— if it is chilly— before an open fire. Luncheon and Sunday night supper are served from the buffet. And for tea there are brambles and cottage cheese. The Anchorage is one of my favorite places.

And another one is the Old Thatcher place, a minute down the highway. The garden at the Thatcher place goes down to the sea, and it is filled with old-fashioned shrubs and flowers. Foxglove and monkshood and sweet briar. Damask roses and peonies, sweet William and bonnie bluebells, bachelors' buttons, pinks, and columbine, and phlox and four-o'clocks. I've heard of an old lady who puts her teapot on the stove when her four-o'clocks begin to open.

And now, if we are going to have tea, I might as well tell you about the Reverend Stephen Bachiler, a *most* unmoral man. Mr. Bachiler was minister here until the ladies proved his undoing. He came from England when he was seventy-one, to found in the new land a 'Holy House Without Ceremonies.' With him was a little group of followers, 'mostly daughters and sons-in-law.' The ship that carried them was three months crossing the ocean, and the Bachiler girls were seasick all the way.

They came to the Cape, and established the congregation of their dreams, but Governor Winthrop, insisting on the interdependence of Church and State, wrecked the settlement, and poor Stephen departed on horseback for Hampton, where he engaged in a series of amazing amours.

His first wife had died in England. His second in America. At eighty-one, the old man was excommunicated for 'soliciting the chastity of his neighbor's wife.' And at ninety he married again!

The bride—overly plump, the neighbors whispered—wore a wedding gown of satin. And the Reverend Mr. Bachiler wore his cassock. For a few days the old man was deliriously happy. Then his young wife Mary confessed that she was about to have a child. George Rogers, who drank so much rum at the wedding, was her lover. Shocked beyond compassion, the humiliated bridegroom applied at once for a divorce. Mary took on shrewishly, and said hard things about a pot that called a kettle black.

But Mr. Bachiler quoted Scripture and Shakespeare. 'I had rather be a toad,' he said, 'and live upon the vapours of the dungeon, than keep a corner of the thing I love for others' uses.'

And Mary said, 'You big hypocrite!'

The case went to court. Mr. Bachiler made more speeches, and Mary shed more tears. Mr. Rogers looked exceedingly sheepish, and Mrs. Rogers took to her bed.

Then, to the horror of the outraged clergyman, the Court refused to grant a separation:

It is ordered by this Court that Mr. Bachiler and his wife shall lyve together as man and wife as in this Court they, have publicly professed to doe; and if either desert one another then thereby the Court doth order that the Marshal shall apprehend both the said Mr. B. and Mary, his wife and bring them forthwith to Boston.

People could hardly believe their ears. A minister of God ordered to live with a confessed sinner! . . . Mr. Bachiler packed his vestments, sold his horse, and *walked* to Boston.

There he took ship for England, and as his boat rode in the harbor, word came of a later verdict:

We do present George Rogers and Mary Bachellear the wife of Mr. Stephen Bacheller for adultery. It is ordered that Mrs. Bacheller for her adultery, shall receive forty stripes save one, at the first town meeting, 6 weeks after her delivery and be branded with the letter A.

Six weeks later Mr. Bachiler disembarked in England, and though he never had been divorced from Mary, he married again in London, and died at the age of one hundred and one, his young wife by his side.

CHAPTER FOUR

DENNIS IS A DARLING TOWN

DENNIS is a darling town. In the spring lilacs bloom against the gray houses. And in the summer, Roses of Sharon.

There are five Dennises, which is confusing because they bear no reasonable relation one to the other. Instead of progressing in orderly fashion, you must watch for signs to find each village, and cross from bay to ocean, and back again.

Driving along the King's Highway from Yarmouth, we come first to the original settlement, named for the Reverend Josiah Dennis. Such a sleepy little village, it is difficult to credit her ancient boast of countless sons at sea. A century ago, one hundred and fifty Dennis men were masters of ships sailing to all ports of the world. In the eighteen-fifties, the town had a coast-wise fleet of eighty-five boats, and a fishing fleet of forty-eight, with twelve hundred men and boys aboard. On the clipper ships in foreign trade were a hundred and fifty deep-sea sailors. Dennis is old now, and can scarcely believe it herself. But if you go to the burying ground, you will know how her sons died, and left her mourning.

If you have come to like burying grounds, you would have stopped anyway, because by this time you must know at a glance whether a cemetery is worth visiting.

Dennis carved her nineteenth-century stones with simple dignity. For her boys who died at sea she put a stone in the family lot:

For him break not the grassy turf,
Or turn the dewy sod;
His body rests beneath the wave,
His spirit with its God.

When the Crowell boys died, Captain Nathan on his way from Liverpool, and Captain Barnabas in Sumatra, a white stone with two urns was brought to the cemetery. And we read that it was:

Erected to the memory of those whose
mourning relatives and friends were
deprived the privilege of performing
the last kind act of depositing their
remains in this peaceful resting place
of the dead.

Near them is a stone for Captain Joshua Hall who died off Madeira when he was twenty-two, and his brothers Thomas and Charles, lost at sea at twenty-four and eighteen. '

These were the boys who fought with Chinese pirates, who traded beads and calico with cannibals, for copra and pearls. They killed South Sea savages, and read their Bibles afterward. They knew West Indian hurricanes and Indian Ocean typhoons. They saw their ships go down under full sail and they spent days and nights in open boats, praying for ships that never came, waiting at last for Death.

Uriah Howes, who was sixteen, was lost in the Great October Gale of 1841, with his brother Jonathan, who

was nineteen. And soon their sister Alsa died. Mr. and Mrs. Howes erected a stone for Alsa, and had inscribed on it,

A friend at sea I've left behind.

You can imagine Alsa's young man coming home and hearing of her death, and Uriah's, and Jonathan's—the three perhaps whom he loved most.

Young Daniel Howes—and many more—were lost in the same storm. On Daniel's stone it says:

Cut off in a Tremendous gale
A watery grave appeared in all its form
And in a few minutes he was gone.

His sister, 'Miss Avis,' sleeps beneath a table tomb. We are told that 'with her last expiring breath she said, "Jesus calls my soul away."'

There are seven generations of the Howes family in this cemetery. First there was Samuel, 'who to enjoy liberty of speech and freedom of conscience migrated from England in the year 1637.' Then, in four generations, there were Ebenezer, Jeremiah, Thomas, and Obed. If the sea didn't get the Howes boys, they lived on to a great old age. In every generation, the village patriarch was a Howes. Shearjashub, for instance, was ninety-seven, and he had a beard like a prophet's. Shearjashub had two maiden sisters named Temperance and Prudence, and a married sister named Desire. I am *not* making this up!

Here is a Howes sentiment I like:

It is well to believe that those that we love,
If we miss them below, we shall meet them above.

It reminds me of Tom Moore —

And when we are far from the lips that are dear,
We've but to make love to the lips that are near.

Maybe the Howes men read Moore.

When Obed died, they gave him a most unreasonable epitaph:

Reason was his guiding *
That one truth was clear,
Whatever is, is right.

Maybe Obed felt that way, but I think he would have had a hard time proving it.

You remember I told you that portraits were occasionally carved on tombstones. There is one here of Major Micah Chapman, a soldier of the Revolution, brave in wig, waistcoat, and blouse with fifteen buttons and plenty of braid. You will have no trouble finding the Major's grave if you look for an American flag about a hundred feet on the right of the gate, and fifty feet in from the street.

How surprised the Major would be if he could see you smiling at his portrait — and going on to Raymond Moore's Playhouse. The Major never would have countenanced such goings-on as the Playhouse. And the murals! Dear — oh, *dear!*

Across the Highway, and down a little, are temples to Thespis — the Playhouse and the Cinema. In a garden of flowers, in a stone-walled pasture, what was once a seventeenth-century church is now a theater — the most successful summer theater in America.

Nearby is the Cinema. And in the Cinema is the

largest and possibly the loveliest mural in America. A midnight sky. A comet flashing. A Milky Way where leisured lovers stroll. Horses charging through a sea of blue. Flying figures dance. And the bull jumps over the moon. A quite mad mural by Joe Mielziner and Rockwell Kent.

Raymond Moore was teaching botany when he decided to be an artist. He came from California to Provincetown. Having rented a studio, he determined to write a play. So he hired a typewriter, and turned producer. He bought a thirty-acre farm in Dennis, and planted iris, daisies, delphinium, lilies, Oriental poppies. He bought a church, and made a theater.

Now there are actors' houses and a restaurant. A scene shop and a goldfish pond. Orchids in a pergola, and lacquered armchairs in the Cinema. Fields of petunias, and a mile of rambler roses.

Raymond Moore sent letters to actors whom he admired, inviting them to appear at the Playhouse. And that is how Broadway came to the King's Highway.

The best place to eat in Dennis is the Sign of the Motor Car, which is very good indeed, and if you don't like any of the places I recommend, the management has changed. In back of the inn is Scargo Lake. If you have heard the story of the chief's daughter and the goldfish I am awfully sorry, for I really must tell it.

Scargo was an Indian girl, and her father was chief of the whole Cape. When the tribes were not at war, Scargo was the luckiest girl in the country, because the chiefs all sent her gifts. One day there came a runner

carrying an enormous pumpkin with the inside scooped out and little fish swimming about. Scargo was delighted. She made a tiny pond and put in the fish. But soon there was a dry season, and Scargo found her pets with their gills open ready to die. She cried and screamed, and did the things the squaws did when they felt sad. She daubed her forehead with clay, and cut off her hair. She howled and woke the echoes. And she put a leaf in each ear and up her nostrils. But still her heart was broken. Scargo, you see, was a problem child and never had been to a behavior clinic.

Sagam was exceedingly upset. He called the squaws and told them to get their fire-sticks and punk-wood, and make smoke to show for miles. They twirled and twirled the fire-sticks until the wood grew hot and smoking. Then they fanned it, and when it blazed, they threw green pine needles on it. The smoke curled high in the air, and the warriors, knowing its meaning, gathered at their chief's command.

Sagam received them in his best deerskin robe with his new skunk cap. The warriors brought their squaws with papooses on their backs. And the young men brought their maidens, decked with flowers to make them fine. There were dogs and there were children, and they came from far and wide. They had a mighty pow-wow, and Sagam told them of his plans — that the squaws should dig a fish pond, for Scargo's fish to swim in. The young men went for clam shells. Scargo marked her fish-pond site. And its breadth, by Sagam's promise, was to be an arrow's flight.

The spoiled child chose the strongest warrior. And when the wind was at the north, he twanged the bow string and shot the arrow forth. Scargo watched it falling, and placed a shell upon the spot. But she cheated some on east and west lines, and the lake is longer than it is wide.

The children gathered cat-tail flags, and the squaws wove the grass into baskets, while the young men gathered clam shells. Then the squaws began to dig. With their shells they scooped the sand, and piled it in the baskets, and dumped it in a hill. For weeks they worked, until autumn was approaching and the mighty task was done. In October came the rain. Scargo, sitting on the hillside, watched her pond fill to the brim. Then she brought her little perch — by careful tending she had saved a few. She placed them in the water and watched them swim away. And here are their descendants, swimming to this day.

Scargo lived to be a very old woman, and when she died they buried her by the side of the lake. The Indians told the story to the white men, and the white men told it to their children. And after a long time somebody built a tower, and called it Scargo's.

If you climb to the top and look straight across, you will see what seems to be a green mound of high land. But it isn't high land at all. It is trees. A generation or so ago, a twenty-acre lot was planted with silver poplars. The wind whipped the outside trees in, and before long they were growing together, so that from a distance, they appear to be a hill.

The view here is loveliest at sunset. Mr. Ralph Howes, who owns The Willows, tells me that he keeps his watch in his hand when he comes to see it, else he'd never be home when Hetty sets supper on the table.

I have before me a funny old guidebook. It was published in 1802, and the author says, 'The view from Scargo Hill has not much of the beautiful in it, but it communicates a strong emotion of the sublime' — so now, my friends, you know how you *ought* to feel.

Off the King's Highway near Scargo Hill is the private burying ground of the Paddock family. And near The Willows is the one-family cemetery of the Howes family. They were wealthy folk in England. I have seen a picture of Morningthorpe Manor, on which Thomas turned his back in 1637 to seek a home in the wilderness of a new world. Morningthorpe Manor was a castle, all turrets and grandeur. And when Thomas came to Dennis, he had to live in a log cabin. When he died, he was buried beside his wife under a little oak tree. Now it is a big oak tree, and all around him sleep other members of the Howes connection — a hundred and fifty in all. The fecundity of the Cape people leaves you gasping. There was an old woman died last winter who had a hundred descendants, and every one living.

But back to the Howes family — I want to tell you about Captain Benjamin and the woman he married. The Captain was a great man for adventures. He skippered the *Southern Cross* when she was burned at sea by the privateer *Florida*, and it was six months be-

fore he could get passage from Brazil to New York. When he reached home, his wife had a baby named Carrie Bertha, and she said she would never let him out of her sight again.

Shortly afterward the Captain was offered command of the *Lubra*, but the owners said they would have no women aboard. With considerable misgivings, Benjamin accepted, and went home to tell the news.

'What's done is done,' said Carrie and she packed the Captain's bag and away he went. But when he had gone, she took Carrie Bertha and reached the ship before him. With the help of the cabin boy, she stowed away, and when Captain Benjamin found them, there was nothing he could do but keep them. But he punished the cabin boy by making him nursemaid to the baby.

They headed for China, where the *Lubra* was to work in local trade through the East Indies and along the China Coast. They were one day out of Hongkong when they were surrounded by a fleet of pirate junks, and before guns could be got up from below, the pirates had possession of the brig. Some of the crew dived overboard. Others climbed into the rigging and were shot. The Captain hid his wife and baby between decks, and the cabin boy with them. While the pirates looted the vessel they kept him locked in his cabin, and at the end of six hours, they shot him and tossed him overboard. Then they ran their swords between decks, smashed the boats and nautical instruments, and set the boat afire.

When they had gone, Carrie and the cabin boy crawled out from their hiding-place, extinguished the fire and worked the brig to Hongkong. After a while, they got passage back to the States and returned to Dennis, where Carrie married a confirmed landlubber named Hopper, and had three children.

When she was seventy-six, she and Carrie Bertha went to Oregon, homesteading. But old Carrie didn't like the West, and after a while she was back in Dennis. Years passed, and there came a day when Carrie told the neighbors good-bye. It weren't fitting, she said, for a woman to live so fer from her kith and kin, and she was off to die with Carrie Bertha.

Carrie Bertha was alive, the last I heard. The cabin boy who hid between decks and held her in his arms lived to be a very old man, and used to tell how the swords dripped blood as the pirates ran them through the decks, and how big Carrie never said a word, though little Carrie kinda whimpered.

Captain Benjamin Howes was an uncle of the Howes family who own The Willows, which has been the family homestead since Nathan and Zoheth bought the place in 1817. Nathan and Zoheth were brothers, and they couldn't get along at all. They drew a line through the house. Nathan lived on one side, and Zoheth on the other. Nathan sat on one side of the fireplace in a Boston rocker, and Zoheth on 'tother, in a roundabout — and the chairs are still where they left them.

Not far from The Willows, down on the Port, is Jack Siah's Rock — and the story I am going to tell you now is a true one.

Once there was a man named Jack Siah. He came to Dennis on a Christmas morning, drifting slowly shoreward, clinging to a broken spar. He was naked to the waist, dark and very tall. In his ears were golden hoops. On his broad chest ships were sailing—stars and anchors on his arms. He was a queer fellow and would have nothing to do with anyone, but lived sole alone on the beach. He built a cabin below the old Point Bluff, and lived on clams and wild fowl. He made his clothing from sealskins, and his fish lines from wild flax. And he would sit all day on a big rock, waiting for nibbles.

One morning the village boys found his cabin empty and told folks Jack had gone away. . . . And that afternoon an Indian caught a squid-hound.

When he landed the monster in his boat, he saw that there was a second line in its mouth. The Indian pulled on it, and discovered that it stretched to sea. He took off his sealskin coat, and tugged and tugged. And when he had pulled it in, there was Jack Siah, with the line tied to his toe!

He must have grown sleepy, and tied it while he napped, thinking that a bite would waken him. The squid-hound had grabbed the bait, and given the line such a pull that Jack slid from the rock into the sea. And all day long the squid-hound dragged him about, dead as a doornail. Ever since then the rock on which he sat has been called Jack Siah's Rock.

Nearby Captain John Sears started Cape Cod's salt industry, and here on the beach was produced

America's first salt. During the Revolution, salt was scarce and very dear, and Mr. Sears decided to get some out of the ocean. It was not an original idea, though some Dennis people will tell you so. Salt had been made in similar fashion on the coast of France, and elsewhere most likely.

Mr. Sears built a wooden vat a hundred feet long and ten feet wide, and filled it with salt water. When the rain came, he covered it. And when the sun shone, he sat and watched the water evaporate. After considerable sitting, Mr. Sears removed eight bushels of salt. The next year with the same equipment he got thirty bushels, and sold it for eight dollars a bushel.

Then other people became interested. Better vats were designed, and windmills set up for pumping the water. It took three hundred and fifty gallons of ocean to make one bushel of salt, but there was plenty of ocean. In almost no time, Dennis had eighty-five plants. Other towns built them, too, but Dennis was the center of the industry.

By and by large salt deposits were discovered in other States, and salting went out just as whaling had gone when oil wells were discovered.

But Dennis still made ships, and they were such ships as never were made before. You will see in old houses and museums paintings of the clippers under full sail, and if they don't give you a thrill, you had better see about your thyroid. When a clipper spread its great white wings and sailed over blue water, there was beauty on the sea.

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Ships are the nearest things to dreams that hands have ever made;

For somewhere deep in their oaken hearts the soul of a song is laid.

And never believe that a ship forgets either bonny seas or skies,

Or black rocks or white spume or the winds that made her wise.

But the beautiful ships are gone. Living men can scarcely remember when Dennis launched her last vessel. The yards in East Dennis fell into disuse, and were abandoned. Now there is a tablet there, and nothing more.

They mark our passage as a race of men;
Earth will not see such ships as those again.

There was a ship called *The Lovely Hope*, of which I have a painting, and it gives me sea fever. People are funny about paintings. I know a girl who likes cows. A painted cow knee-deep in a brook soothes her like a benediction.

CHAPTER FIVE

BREWSTER AND HERRING

NEXT to Dennis comes Brewster, home of many of the old shipmasters, and a comfortable and prosperous town. Brewster captains were men of fortune and affairs, and they lived in fine and ample fashion.

First come the Dillingham houses—the gracious gray homes on your left, side by side as you round the corner in West Brewster. The one with the salt-box roof was built in 1660 by Isaac Dillingham, who bought all the land from here to the ocean for five pounds, five shillings, and a red coat. The Indian who sold it to him went loping down the King's Highway, barelegged, his scarlet coat flying to the breeze, a tomahawk in his pocket, and feathers in his hair — tremendously pleased with himself. Only, of course, it wasn't much of a highway then—hardly more than a path through the woods.

By and by the Dillinghams turned Quaker, and there was a John Dillingham who had three wives—Mehitable, Abigail, and Mary. If you want to visit the family burying ground, take the road across the street and bear left for half a mile. Before Brother John died, he asked that he be laid between Sister Mehitable and Sister Abigail. The next year, when Sister Mary died, it was decided that she should lie beside Sister Abigail. And there they are — Brother John and his three wives, two on one side and one on the other.

When I became interested in burying grounds and read the verses of the bereaved, I thought, oh! the poor inconsolable dears. And then I heard about Colonel John Thacher of Yarmouth who wrote the most dolorous rhymes when his wife Rebecca died.

The day the Thachers were married, they dropped in to see Mrs. Captain Gorham who had just had a baby. Rebecca blushed and kissed the infant shyly.

But John took it in his arms, and said to his bride, 'Allow me, Mrs. Thacher, to present my second wife.'

Everyone laughed, and Rebecca remarked that John was a great hand for joking.

Twenty-two years later, Rebecca died, and the Colonel wrote many 'lamentable verses'—one for her tombstone, and many for the family. And you never read more lugubrious lines in your life. But the ink on his elegies was hardly dry when he thought of Lydia, twenty-two and still unmarried. Common decency prescribed a three months' wait, but the Colonel kept thinking and thinking of Lydia.

One night, after he had taken to strolling past her house, he saw his son Peter's horse at the door. He waited until the boy came home, and then he said, 'My son, if you discontinue your attentions to Miss Lydia Gorham, I will give you my black oxen.'

Peter pondered awhile, and then he said, all right, he would. The Colonel gave him the oxen, and five months later Lydia became Mrs. Colonel Thacher. So don't feel too badly when you read a mourning husband's sentiments.

A quarter of a mile from the Dillingham Burying Ground is the Old Mill— 'straight ahead a little piece' to one of the prettiest spots I know. On one side is the Old Mill. On the other, the saddest house that ever was seen. A brook with weeping willows, and a wild grape climbing into an apple tree.

The little house may have been torn down by the time you arrive— or it may have just naturally given up the ghost. Once upon a time it must have been the sweetest house in the countryside. There are exquisite pilasters on either side of what was once the front door. But the door is gone, and the windows are gone. The fireplaces have been torn out, and all the beautiful pine paneling, until there is nothing left but the husk of a lonely place.

Around the house is a circular stone wall. You won't know how really precious it is unless you go in and look out the back windows. There were lilacs planted inside the wall, and now they are reaching in at the empty doors and through the broken windows, as though to hold the little house, and keep it there where it ought to be.

I don't know who built the house nor when, but I have heard that there were fifty heirs, and they could not agree on anything. While they bickered, no one could buy, for they wouldn't sell. And the little house grew more disconsolate every year. The roof leaked, and the windows rattled. And folks said nobody cared what happened, and someone took off the front doors, and someone else took away the H and L hinges. The

old-fashioned rosebushes went to a Dennis garden. The floor boards and pine paneling to a fine house in Chat-ham. And I don't at all blame the people who took them, for how could anyone who loves beauty let it perish?

But one fine day a Brewster woman saw what folks had done.

'Sakes alive!' she said. 'If this ain't wicked!'

She went from room to room. Doors gone. Walls gone.

'Where do you suppose they went?' she demanded. And when she was told, she exclaimed indignantly: '*That* man! With all his money! Well, if I told my husband once, I told him fifty times — "Ebenezer Quack-enboss," I said, "if you don't git that wood, someone's a-goin' to sure as you're a foot high — and Lord knows 'twould make a *elegant* henhouse."

People say that Captain Cobb's is the grandest house in Brewster, but that is local conviction and nothing more. The really finest house is the Colonial yellow one, just before you come to Cobb's. I played in such a house when I was small — a house that was shaded by great trees. It had a garden with summer houses, and little trees from China. A small orchard on a sunny slope. A big barn with a dovecote. And a trellised yard sweet with honeysuckle, where the washing dried on sunny Mondays.

The Cobb house is more historic, but not nearly so good to look at. It is next the post-office — a white house with a Captain's Walk on the roof. The 'Walks'

were built with a view of the sea, so that men might look for their ships coming home, and women watch for their sailor-husbands. But there were so many husbands who never came home that the Captains' Walks came to be known as Widows' Walks.

Captain Elijah Cobb was a self-made man, and he built his square-rigged mansion before he was thirty. On New Year's Day in 1800, he and his wife walked across its new threshold and bade the neighbors in to call.

The Captain's father had died at sea, leaving a widow poor as Job's turkey, with five children and another on the way. Elijah was thirteen when his father died, and when he heard the news he went berth-hunting. Years later, he wrote his *Memoirs*, and told the story:

I stood gazing at a new vessell when a gentleman stept from her deck and thus accosted me — 'my lad, do you want a voyage?'

'where are you bound, Sir?'

'to Siranam.'

'I am told Sir that all flesh die that go there.'

'well my boy to prove that you have not been told the truth I have been there 13 voyages, and you see I am alive yet.'

'well Sir I should like to go, what wages will you allow me.'

'do you know how to cook.'

'not much Sir but I can soon learn.'

'well my boy, if you think so I presume you will. I like your candour and will take you and give you the customary wages of a boy; half of a Seaman's wages \$3.40 pr Month, but you must go amediately on board and git dinner for the men at work....'

Thus commenced the Captain's duties.

By the time they reached Surinam, the boy had collected enough in tips from the officers to take a flyer on his own account. He bought a barrel of molasses and some boxes of fruit, and sold them on his return for the price of a sailor's suit. His wages he had saved for his mother. For ten years the boy supported his family, and by that time the Widow Cobb was so comfortably off that Elijah decided to marry.

After a honeymoon in Brewster, he sailed for Spain with a cargo of flour and rice. Off Brest he was picked up by a French frigate and escorted into the harbor a captive. This was during the Reign of Terror, when Robespierre was at the height of his power. Cobb went to Paris to protest the seizure. And there—in three weeks—he watched a thousand persons mount the guillotine, and saw their heads drop into baskets. He was there when Robespierre lost his own head, but he seems not to have been particularly impressed.

Mrs. Cobb had bought a farm in Brewster, and the Captain was anxious to get home. 'My partner in life's voyage had run me in debt,' he wrote, 'for a Cape Cod farm and I longed for the injoyment of the happy family circil.'

When the Captain's *Memoirs* were published, his heirs, I understand, corrected the spelling and punctuation. But Mr. Kittredge, in his *Shipmasters of Cape Cod*,¹ tells the tale as the Captain told it.

One of the pleasantest places in town is High Brewster, the old Nathaniel Winslow homestead. But there

¹ Houghton Mifflin Company, 1934.

is no use going there unless the Cleverleys will let you stay, and there isn't often room. Mrs. Cleverley was a Winslow, and High Brewster was a King's grant to one of her long-ago ancestors.

For generations the old house was inherited by Nathaniel's children's children, and, though they built on a bit, they never changed a thing until one Eliza Jane — a hundred years ago — got her sacrilegious hands on wealth, and modernized the parlor and the best bedroom. Eliza Jane put big panes in the windows, and took out the pine paneling, and papered the walls. Then her money gave out, and the house was saved.

Since it is in the Winslow blood to prefer pine and maple to marble and ormolu, Eliza Jane's children disposed of their mother's vagrant fancies, and hunted high and low for Grandpa Nathaniel's small-paned windows. Now Mrs. Cleverley has revived the ancient charm that Eliza Jane didn't appreciate, and High Brewster is very much as it used to be.

There is one more house I want to tell you about, though it may be turned into an inn or a roadhouse, before you come to see it. It is in East Brewster. Go through the town and drive about a mile along Route 6 until, just before the railroad tracks, you come to Crosby Landing, a little street on the left.

Albert Crosby was a Cape Codder who went West with the Forty-Niners, and made so much money he had all he could do to spend it. First, he married a yellow-haired girl from a pony burlesque, and built a mansion in Chicago. Then he bought an opera house, and gave his love a string of pearls as big as mothballs.

But all the time Albert was splurging, he was lonely for Brewster. And one day he said he guessed he would come back.

The little burlesque queen said, all right—she had always heard that Cape Cod girls had web feet, but if Albert could stand it, she guessed she could.

So they came to Brewster, and Albert built the most terrible place. It was General Grant architecture. Jigsaws and whirligigs. Grecian urns and Roman arches. Fluted columns, galleries, porches, and a cupola. Barns and outhouses. And a gallery for paintings.

The Crosby Art Collection was valued at one hundred thousand dollars. There was an El Greco at one end, and a Millet at the other. And in the middle, Mrs. Crosby, in velvet and pearls.

The Crosbys were great entertainers, and among their guests were many famous people. When friends sent them presents, it was their custom to leave the cards attached. On one table was a vase from Joseph Jefferson, a clock from Mark Twain, and an ivory elephant from John Drew. They had an autographed photograph from the Prince of Wales, and a chafing dish from Minnie Maddern Fiske—and every gift had an engraved card tied on securely!

When the Crosbys died, there was an auction, and their treasures were sold for almost nothing. The gallery is empty now, and the house deserted. Lilies bloom wild in the garden, and the wistaria grows like a tree.

But the most extraordinary thing about the incredible house remains as serene as it was in the beginning.

It is in the back yard, standing staunch and sweet beneath the towering cupola. It is attached to the mansion, which seems to grow from it like a fungus. And you would never, never guess what it is.

Well, Albert Crosby had a soft spot in his heart for the house in which he was born. His grandfather built it, and three generations of Crosbys lived in it. After Albert went West, the old people died and Albert inherited the property. He had his opera house then, and all his paintings. But more than anything—except, perhaps, his yellow-haired wife—Albert valued his birthplace. And when he built his mansion, he built it *around* that little white house. The mansion's second story grows out from its roof. The cupola towers above its little gray head. And the grapevine Albert's grandmother planted reaches up to its eaves.

The Crosbys had discovered Europe, and their Cape Cod mansion was enormously influenced by the things they had seen on their Grand Tour. They shopped widely and indiscriminately. They were obsessed with grandeur, and their new home was modeled after Versailles, Buckingham Palace, and the Grand Hotel. They were not content until they had crammed it full of gilded furniture and foreign finery. Albert's den was a Turkish love-nest. His wife had a boudoir, *à la* Marie Antoinette. There was a cozy corner off the drawing-room, with bead portières and a gold spittoon.

They called the mansion Tawasentha, and it was the show place of the Cape. But it was so incongruous and alien to the life of his people that Albert got to feeling

uncomfortable. As he grew older, he would pack a corn-cob pipe, and draw a rocker up to the kitchen stove.

Eventually, with reopened eyes and a new set of values, Albert became interested in the antiques that were a part of his own heritage. The little house had been bare for nearly a generation, and now he set about re-furnishing it. He bought old beds and feather mattresses, milk cupboards and cobblers' benches. He cut a door through the hall of his mansion, and when he was weary of music and wine, he would steal from his parties to the peace of a little white house. And there, when the last guest had gone, his yellow-haired wife would find him.

When the Crosbys died, their property passed into hands for whom it had no sentimental value, and after a while everything was sold at auction. Perhaps I overrate the place, but it seems to me as romantic as anything on the Cape. Be sure you go from the house to the old landing, and down to the sea.

Captain Jeremiah Mayo lived here near the bay. Jeremiah looked like Lord Byron, only he was better-looking. He was six feet, five inches tall, and his career was as adventurous as Elijah Cobb's. The Mayos were not seafaring people, but blacksmiths. There were nine sons, and every one a giant. Jeremiah's father said he should not go to sea, for five of his boys had died in foreign ports. And Jeremiah's mother added her tears to his father's command. So the boy stayed home, and shod horses. He stayed home until he was fourteen,

and then, being Irish, he grew restless and there was no holding him.

A wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels.

He went on a fishing voyage to the Straits of Belle Isle, and the voyage netted him two hundred and twenty-five dollars (tell *that* to your fourteen-year-old son). Then he made a trip to the Bahamas for salt. This was shortly before Dennis went into the salt business in a big way. At fifteen, he went to the Mediterranean on the armed ship *Industry*, carrying salt to Spain and France. Off Gibraltar, the *Industry* was attacked by pirates. Jeremiah was wounded, and Mrs. Mayo almost lost another son in a foreign port. The Captain—Gamaliel Bradford—had his leg cut off, and they left him in a hospital in Lisbon. Jeremiah returned to Brewster, and persuaded Captain Kimball Clark to take him on as mate.

They sailed for San Sebastian with a cargo of salt fish, and on the way over, the old brig sprung a leak. The men—from eating too many salt fish—got boils. They had to pump constantly, and the pain was excruciating. The Captain took sick and went to bed.

‘Do what you wish,’ he told Jeremiah. ‘We’re going to the bottom, anyhow, so it don’t make much difference.’

Jeremiah knocked the head out of a barrel of New England rum and ladled out generous proportions to the crew. He forbade them to eat another fish, but to fill up on biscuits. The cook, you see, was pumping, and so

he couldn't cook. Then Jeremiah threw overboard three or four hundred barrels of fish, and the boat rode high enough to keep her upper planking out of the sea.

They made San Sebastian, sold what was left of their cargo, and squared away for Bordeaux. There Captain Clark sold his leaky brig to some Frenchmen who loaded her with claret, and invited Jeremiah to sail her to Morlaix. Since France and England were at war, the trip was a risky one, but Jeremiah made it successfully, and sold the claret for four times its cost.

At twenty-two, he married Sally Crosby, of Brewster, and when he bought his own brig, he named her for his wife. He was in Havre a month after the battle of Waterloo, when friends of Napoleon asked if he would take the Emperor to America on the *Sally*. Nothing could have thrilled the Captain more. He accepted enthusiastically, thinking, no doubt, how surprised Sally would be when she heard the news. But Napoleon gave himself up to the English, and went off to Saint Helena — when he might have come, instead, to Brewster.

When he was only thirty-four, Jeremiah gave up the sea to settle down with Sally. He took up farming, as sailors did. He became president of the local insurance company and chairman of the Board of Selectmen — and lived to be eighty-one.

I should have told you about the herring when we were at the mill stream. They fight their way through that little stream every spring, to spawn in the pond above. Herring live in salt water, but they breed in fresh. Though it cost the foolish fish their lives, they

wouldn't have a family in the ocean. In the springtime they come flocking from the sea, up the fresh-water streams to inland lakes and ponds. Millions of them! When they reach their destination, every female in the party deposits some twenty-five thousand eggs, and calls it a day.

If all the eggs grew up, the world would be filled with herring. This isn't any fanciful idea of my own — an ichthyologist figured it out: if all eggs spawned by herring were to survive, and yield similarly productive generations, in ten years there wouldn't be an ocean left. Just nothing but herring, packed like sardines in a can.

As things are now, only one out of every ten thousand eggs survives. Almost everything eats herring (*I don't* — *I hate them*); but whales eat them, and porpoises and seals and practically all of the larger fish. Gulls are mad about them. That is why they are called 'herring gulls.' Humans eat eleven billion a year. (*I'm not making these figures up — I'm copying them.*)

The funniest thing about this spawning business is the way a herring feels she has to go home to lay her eggs. It doesn't make any difference where she is. Cape Cod herring travel a thousand miles from the place where they were born, but — come spring — back they swim. There are thousands of streams along the coast where they might spawn as comfortably, and with considerably less bother. But a Brewster herring always returns to Brewster — the sentimental sap!

Almost every Cape town has its Herring Brook, and

if you arrive for the Herring Old Home Week, you will see a sight you can never forget. Fishermen place nets in the streams, and scoop them up by the thousands. To kipper the herring, the fishermen split them down their backs, dry them and salt them, and smoke them slightly. Then they pack them in barrels, and ship them all over the world.

It is in May that the herring spawn, and if you should plan a trip to see them, you could pick some Mayflowers, because they bloom when the herring run, and there isn't a sweeter flower that grows. May Day was formerly a holiday on the Cape. School didn't keep, and the children went into the woods to gather the fragrant pink flowers. They made them into little bunches, and sent them to Boston, where people with a nostalgia for the country bought them eagerly and went around smiling wistfully, and sniffing all day long:

Darling little scented things
Growing under scrub and pine,
I'd tramp the woods for miles today
To hold your face to mine!

Before we leave Brewster, you should see its flats, because there are no finer flats anywhere. A flat is low land over which the tide flows. The word is unattractive, but the flats are lovely. When the sea has ebbed away, the sand is white and gold and purple, and there are pools of the bluest water—fresh-water springs, blue as a robin's egg, and filled with the most fascinating marine life. On a 'big' tide you can walk for miles on the ocean bottom, straight toward Provincetown—and the chances are that you will never see a soul.

CHAPTER SIX

BABIES AND PIRATES

As soon as you get to Orleans, take Skaket Road down to Rock Harbor. Driving from Brewster, you will come to the center where the traffic lights are, and there you turn left.

Enchanting old houses with flower gardens sit back a little from the road. There is Sunset Tea House of silver gray where flowers tumble untidily out of window boxes and bloom blithely along the walk. Morning-glories for breakfast, and four-o'clocks for tea. Farther down the road is a brooding old place with pillars and galleries like a Southern mansion. Last time I passed it was for sale, and it looked very sad.

There are some of the prettiest by-roads in Orleans that you will ever see, and if you get a scenic map from the Cape Cod Advancement Plan at Hyannis, you can route yourself along lovely lonely roads that will do your soul good — not only through Orleans, but all the way from Sandwich to Provincetown.

Old roads winding as old roads will,
Here to the sea, and there to a hill,
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves
Through green elm arches and poplar leaves.

For views of breadth and magnificence you should drive to Nauset Heights and to Tonset. Fresh Pond is beautiful too. But so is all the country roundabout. The wooded roads are broken by flashes of blue. There is the ocean on one side, the bay on the other, and twelve

little lakes between. And you smell the fine salt tang of the sea, and the perfume of pine and bayberries.

In beach-plum-blossom time there are shadbush and plum, white as drifting snow or brides in tulle.

What's the whitest thing you know?

Moonlight over frozen snow?

Great big clouds a-sailing low?

Lady, you should see the beach-plum blow!

And another thing you should see is a little old house on the road to Chatham. We shall be coming back that way, so you needn't stop now unless you want to see it twice. It is in South Orleans almost next to the post-office. South Orleans is about three miles from Orleans Village where the traffic lights are. And the house is so characteristic that magazines often use it to show what an old Cape Cod house looks like when it looks its best.

The house was built in 1792 by Captain John Kendrick, who had sailed out of Boston five years before on a vessel called the *Columbia*, accompanied by a sloop known as *Lady Washington*, and bearing a letter signed by George Washington. Martha liked to be called Lady Washington, and she persuaded the President to give Captain Kendrick a good send-off. The voyage was in the nature of a 'good-will cruise,' and the Captain was going to sail around the world. Rounding Cape Horn, he sailed up the west coast of South and North America, and discovered the river which he named for his ship—the *Columbia*. He left Lieutenant Robert Gray, who commanded the *Lady Washington*, to explore the river, and sailed away without him.

In Labrador, the Captain dug up a little spruce tree, and brought it home and planted it at his front door, and now the tree is perfectly enormous, and it bends over the little house in the most protective fashion. One of the nicest things about captains was the way they brought home trees and shrubs and flower seeds from all over the world. They even brought home soil, and their wives made garden plots not much bigger than pocket handkerchiefs, and sowed the seeds from overseas.

Well, Captain Kendrick finished his cruise, and came home and planted his spruce, and was off again for Hawaii. And there a very sad thing happened. A British ship, meaning to do him honor, fired a salute, and a bullet went wild and killed the Captain. They buried him in Hawaii, and Mrs. Kendrick lived on in the little gray house until she died.

You should know something about the Cape's 'half houses.' In the smallest homes there was only one front room, with one or two windows, and the door on the side. As time went on, the 'half houses' usually took on additions. When babies came, young fathers built beyond the front door. And by and by they built in back. If their families were large, they added ells. There are 'half houses' in every town, but most of them have been remodeled. There is one on Skaket Road, next a new house of pure Cape Cod architecture across from the cranberry bog and just before you come to the gray mansion.

People who lived their whole lives in 'half houses' never had babies. And since everybody wanted chil-

dren, the little houses became sad and mournful-looking. There are three or four in Yarmouth on the King's Highway—one right after another. The doors are lovely things with little windows above them, or beautiful fans. But when you see them, you should think of the barren women who lived there lonely as could be, and wanting a room on the other side of each front door.

Almost everybody had children in those days, and some of them had so many they didn't know what to do. The mother of Governor William Phipps had twenty-one sons and five daughters. The Reverend John Sherman had six children by his first wife, and twenty by his second. And poor Polly Blodgett had so many that when she died they wrote on her tomb:

Children she had twenty-four,
Praise the Lord there'll be no more.

Anne Besse, of Sandwich, married Andrew Hallett, of Yarmouth, when she was fourteen, and that same year she had twins. The twins were born at sunup, and in the middle of the afternoon, Anne asked her mother to sit with them while she went to look for birds' eggs. Mrs. Besse was less than thirty at this time. If they had lived three hundred years later, mother and daughter might have had their pictures in all the papers:

YARMOUTH BRIDE
AGE FOURTEEN
HAS TWIN GIRLS

Grandmother, 29, Approves Big
Families, Says No Race
Suicide on Cape

Grandmother Besse kept on having children, and they grew up with her grandchildren, so that Anne's twins—Ruhannah and Abigail—reversed the customary order of things and had to mind their little aunts and uncles.

People used to say that every son added to their wealth a hundred pounds, and every daughter, fifty. At seventeen, the boys did the work of a man on the farm, and the girls helped to spin and weave the flax and wool, and they made clothes for all the family and helped at harvest-time.

The Halletts got along so well that when Anne died, she left a sizeable estate. To her grandson, John Bourne, she left her great bed—curtains, valances, feather mattress, and all. To Ruhannah, her mohair petticoat. To Abigail, her woolen underwear, her hose, her bonnet, and both her shoes. And to Mehitable, her Sunday-go-to-meeting gown. Anne's wearing apparel was appraised at fifty dollars, proving her to be a great dresser as well as a woman of some little wealth.

But people never stopped talking about Anne. To the day she died, they talked of the way she went hunting birds' eggs the afternoon the twins were born. Her next child, Dorcas, died, and there were those who said Anne's folly was the cause. But John and Jonathan and Mehitable all lived, and Anne said she guessed a walk in the meadow never hurt a woman. Besides, it was birds' eggs saved the twins' lives, and what did women who lived in 'half houses' know about having children?

Speaking of babies reminds me of the one that Lydia Crocker had. Lydia's husband was captain of a clipper ship, and when he was in Hongkong Lydia had a child. It died at birth, and Lydia was heart-broken. She wouldn't let the midwife take it away, but insisted upon putting it in a great demijohn filled with rum. She kept it until her husband returned, and by that time she was so attached to the poor little corpse that she cleaned out the parlor closet and put it on the top shelf. All the rest of her life Lydia kept her pickled baby, and when she died they buried it with her.

There is a burying ground on the way to Nauset Beach, and since it is only a moment out of the village you might like to drop in for a moment. I'll admit that it is a gray and desolate place, but you may be interested in the Higgins family's stones. There were Eliakim and Bathsheba and their son Reuben, and they died within six years of each other. And every time, the family had a different stone-cutter. You can tell that this was so by looking at the angels they carved. The graves are next to the fence, near the church, in the oldest part of the cemetery.

From the cemetery, you should continue on to Nauset Beach, and on the way you will pass a duck farm. The ducks are as white as the shadbush, and prettier than you would suppose. There must be thousands of them, and I suppose they would make a million sandwiches (I am very fond of duck sandwiches).

Now go on to Nauset Heights for one of those views

I talk so much about, and to see where a submarine popped out of the ocean one Sunday morning and scared Orleans blue. Did you know that during the World War the Germans sent a submarine across the Atlantic to do nothing at all but sink four empty coal barges? The sub fired a hundred and forty-seven practically harmless shots, and went back home. But the Germans had indicated how undersea boats might be brought to our doorsteps, and I should think it would have taught us a lesson.

If you saw the hull of the *Sparrowhawk* in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, you will be interested in knowing that it was in Nauset Harbor the poor old thing was wrecked. She was bound from Liverpool to Virginia with a shipload of colonists, and went aground on a sand bar. The passengers came ashore, and were escorted by friendly Indians to Plymouth, where they spent the winter, and in the spring they went on to Virginia.

The seas swept over the *Sparrowhawk*, and the sands buried her, and before long she was completely out of sight. I think the Indians burned her masts and upper deck.

Two hundred and thirty-seven years passed, and then the sands shifted, as Cape sands do—and there was the *Sparrowhawk*, sitting in the mud! They dug up her hull, which was practically intact—the timbers of English oak were as sound as the day they were hewn—and they carted it to Boston and put it in a tent on the Common. Admission was ten cents, and

people went flocking to see it. This was during the Civil War, and the soldiers cut off little pieces for souvenirs for their sweethearts until the poor *Sparrowhawk* was hacked almost to pieces. Then it was decided to put what was left in a glass case and place it in a museum, to keep it safe forever and forever.

You can see Pochet Island where a vessel captured by Sam Bellamy the pirate was wrecked in the storm that drove the *Whidah* ashore at Wellfleet. The boat was the *Mary Anne*, and on it were seven pirates and a number of the *Mary Anne's* own crew.

The pirates came ashore and went to Crosby Tavern, where they got dreadfully drunk. The crew got drunk, too, and—since 'twas always fair weather when good fellows get together—the crew began slapping the pirates on their backs and telling them what brave men they were. And the pirates allowed as how their captives were the best crew they had ever captured. The more they drank, the more they thought of each other, until finally the pirates asked the crew if they wouldn't like to be pirates. And the crew said, why not?

All of them were boys, except the old cook Mac-konachie and a Swede named Peter Hoof, who was thirty-four. They pledged each other like gallant lads, and slipped away in the dark. They had no horses and dared get none, for they were dripping wet and drunk as fools, and any farmer at whose door they knocked would know at once that they were no decent travelers.

They walked until noon the next day — arm in arm, the ten of them — and then they were taken' by a posse and brought to Barnstable Jail. Later, under heavy guard, they were marched to Boston, where they spent the summer in jail — the crew of the *Mary Anne* along with pirates. After some months the crew was released and the six pirates condemned to death.

But first they were taken to the Meeting House and made to sit on benches in sight and sound of the whole town, while Cotton Mather wrestled for their immortal souls. Mr. Mather loved to hear himself talk, and for days he preached at the poor devils. And when he had talked himself out, he marched with them to the scaffold.

There John Brown, of Jamaica, went suddenly mad. First, he screamed 'blasphemes and Oathes.' His companions were singing hymns, and one of them handed him a prayer book. Then Brown ceased his 'wicked swaring' and read aloud, but the prayers, according to Mr. Mather, were not 'very pertinently chosen.' Then ropes were knotted about the six young necks, and a number of ladies fainted as the scaffold dropped. Mr. Mather went home and entered the event in his diary, and you can tell by reading it that Mr. Mather never felt sad for anyone.

Black Bellamy, who headed the piratical expedition that cost six boys their lives, was the lover of an Eastham girl, Maria Hallett. I'll tell you about Maria when we see her Meadow in Eastham, and I'll tell you more of Sam Bellamy when we get to Wellfleet,

where his fine galley the *Whidah* was swept ashore with all her crew aboard.

The office of the *Compagnie Française des Câbles Télégraphiques* is in a little white house that does not look at all like a cable office, with a wistaria vine at the door and a number of Frenchmen at their desks. There is nothing to see at the little house, but when you think about a cable running all the way from Orleans to France, it is something to think about.

There was a fearful storm in November of 1898, when all wires between the Cape and the outside world were down for a week, and during that time communication was established by sending the news from Orleans to Brest, and back to Boston. Wreckage from the *Portland* came ashore in Truro. Truro men hurried to Orleans. Frenchmen cabled the news to Brest — and Brest told America.

CHAPTER SEVEN

WHALES AND CANNIBALS

THE first place of interest in Eastham is, of course, the old burying ground on the left. Unless you are a Doane, I'll tell you what there is to see and you need not stop. But if you *are* a Doane, you must make pilgrimage at the grave of John Doane, founder of your family in America. John Doane was born in 1596. He came to America in 1630. And he died in 1658.

Later-day Doanes got together and bought a handsome stone and put it on his grave. Then they planted ivy around it. Now, whenever a Doane comes to the Cape, he slips a bit of the ivy to plant in his garden — and wouldn't old Mr. Doane be surprised if he could see the clipping and the snipping!

The Freeman descendants have provided metal slip-covers for the tombs of their ancestors. There is Mercy, who has a stone like a valentine with a nice heart and a cute little angel. Mercy lived to be eighty; and her husband, the Major, was ninety-eight.

There is a portrait on the stone of Thomas Lewes, and two horrid deaths' heads for the little Hedges, Thankful and Samuel.

Jonathan Sparrow sleeps between his first two wives. But his 'relict,' before she died, refused to join the party, and she is buried in Truro — which reminds me

of the Dennis woman who moved to Brewster, and had her mother and father and all her grandparents dug up from their graves and moved at the same time. I have forgotten their names, but they are in the upper right-hand corner of the Dillingham Cemetery.

There is a stone here to mark the grave of the Reverend Samuel Treat, but the original stone is in the library at Orleans. It says on it:

Here lies the Body of the late Learned
and Reverend Samuel Treat, the Pious
and Faithful Minister of this Church,
who, after a very Zealous Discharge of
his Ministry for a Space of 45 Years
and Laborious Travail for the Soules of
the Indians, fell Asleep in Christ,
March 1717, in the 69th Yr. of his Age.

Mr. Treat had eleven children when his pious and amiable consort died. After mourning for what was considered a decent period, he married again. The second Mrs. Treat had two children—and then *Mr.* Treat died.

He was a Calvinist with the most blood-curdling convictions. Before he left this sinful world, he prepared his sermons for publication, and this is the sort of thing he preached:

Thou must erelong go to the bottomless pit. Hell is ready to receive thee. Consider, thou art going to a place prepared by God on purpose to exalt his justice in — a place made for no other purpose but torments. Hell is God's House of Correction. . . . Woe to thy soul when thou shalt be set up as a butt for the arrows of the Almighty!

God himself shall be the principal agent in thy misery.

His breath is the bellows which blows up the flames of hell forever. And when he meets thee in his fury, he will not meet thee as a man; he will give thee an omnipotent blow.

Some think that sinning ends with this life; but it is a mistake. The damned increase in sin in hell. Possibly the mention of this may please thee. But, remember, there shall be no pleasant sins there — no eating, drinking, singing, dancing, wanton dalliance, nor drinking stolen waters. But damned sins — bitter, hellish sins. Sins exasperated by torments, cursing God, spite, rage and blasphemy.

Freeman says that the Reverend Mr. Treat's voice was so loud that it could be heard at a great distance from the meeting house, 'even amidst the shrieks of hysterical women and the winds that howled over the plains of Nauset.' And he adds 'that there was no more music in it than in the discordant sounds with which it mingled.' (Mr. Freeman wrote the first history of the Cape. It was published in two great volumes, and has furnished source material for all the rest of us.)

Thoreau tells (from hearsay, of course) of a comparatively innocent young man who was frightened nearly out of his wits, so that Mr. Treat had to exert himself to make hell seem somewhat cooler. He tells also of how Mr. Treat went to preach in Boston at the Old South Church, in the pulpit of his father-in-law. And the congregation was so outraged that they requested that he never be invited again.

But Eastham people liked their minister's brand of preaching. And the Indians actually worshiped him. He talked their language, and taught them his. He established schools and courts. And when he lay ill of

the palsy, the Indians, with their strange clairvoyance, knew that he was dying, and gathered in great numbers in the vicinity of his house.

The week of his death, the 'Great Snow' came, a storm famous for generations. Around the parson's house the snow blew in drifts as high as dunes. All day and all night the men of the village worked tunneling paths from the house to the burying ground, and when they had finished, there was a sudden thaw, and after that a freezing spell, so that the snow was frozen into silver ice. Relays of Indian converts bore their preacher to his grave, and the arch through which they carried him was frozen crystal, gleaming like a rainbow in paradise.

It was shortly before Treat's time that the town of Eastham voted that a part of every whale cast ashore should go to the minister. Thoreau pictures the old parsons sitting on the sand hills watching for the whales that were to eke out their meager pay.

We are going to the Coast Guard Station in a minute, but if you want to go along the highway a bit farther, you can see a monstrous jawbone sunk in cement. It stands on end, twelve feet high—and it is the lower jawbone of a medium-sized whale. When equipped with a full set of teeth, like two long rows of white tombstones, it must have been a fearful sight. Old prints picture whales with great leering mouths, small wicked eyes, and noses like monster bulls—and how anybody had the courage to chase such creatures, I'm sure I don't know.

But once I knew a man who went whaling for sport—only the way he did it, it didn't sound very sporting. He had a steam-driven craft the size of a tug, fitted with guns and bombs. There were gasoline engines in his small boats—and a twelve-foot bar in the big one.

The first whalers went out in sailing vessels, and chased their prey in shallops no bigger than rowboats. Each shallop had a harpooner (Indians were excellent harpooners), an officer and four men. In each boat there was a hawser of rope a hundred and fifty fathoms long (a fathom is six feet). The harpoon was attached to the hawser, and when the harpooner speared his whale, the rope was let out until the whale reached the bottom—the ropes were spliced so they could be attached to a second coil.

Only the whale did not always go to the bottom. Sometimes he fled like a horse, for eight or nine leagues through the sea (a league is three miles. I didn't know these things either, but I have a dictionary). A Finback could make fifty miles an hour. A 'Nantucket sleighride,' as it was called, often took a boat beyond the horizon, and the crew had to wait—sometimes for days—to be picked up by the ship. Often they cut the rope, but there are instances of boats that were dragged toward Spain and never seen again.

Most often, the whale went down to meditate, and sometimes he stayed an hour or more, nursing his wound and plotting revenge. When he came up,

three or four shallops were gathered about, their crews armed with halberds. A halberd is about twelve feet long, with an iron blade six inches broad and eighteen inches deep, and you can imagine what a number of them would do to a poor whale. Sometimes, though, he was up like a shot, and out of the water. Then he would splash down, and capsize the little boats with a flick of his monster tail.

When the whale was dead, if he did not sink, the men fastened ropes about him, and either dragged him into the big boat, or tugged him ashore. More often they cut him up at sea, and boiled down the oil on deck.

Four varieties obligingly floated, but Finbacks and Humpbacks sank. Modern whalers inflate the monsters with compressed air, and haul them aboard with derricks.

I have read of a whale that dragged a shallop after him for sixteen hours. It was in the Arctic, and the shallops dodged around ice cakes all day and half the night. Sometimes a whale turned upon his tormentors, and splintered their boats to matchwood. Blue Whales, a hundred feet long, waged dreadful battles. But the wily Finback made for the open sea — and when he had given the boys a 'sleighride,' he often towed them to the depths, where they made tasty dishes for the big jack-sharks and the little fishes.

There is a foolish notion that all whales have small throats and cannot swallow even a herring. The truth is that there are two families of whales — the whale-

bone whale with a rather small throat, and the sperm whale with a very large one. A few years ago a sperm whale was killed shortly after it had swallowed a fifteen-foot shark—and there never was a whale who wouldn't relish a nice Cape Cod fisherman.

I did not mean to talk so much about whaling. I meant to take you over by Goody Hallett's Meadow to the Coast Guard Station. Lucifer Land is another name for Goody Hallett's Meadow, and it is very bad luck to walk across that sand-stubble without saying a prayer, because Goody was a witch and she used to dance there.

When she was young, she loved Black Bellamy. Bellamy was an English boy who stopped at Eastham on his way to the West Indies. He came to try to interest Cape men in a scheme to salvage gold from a Spanish galleon wrecked in the Caribbean. But when he saw Maria Hallett, Bellamy forgot business for love, and when he sailed away, he promised her he would return with a sloop of gold, and wed her with ring and book. Then—because he was an eager boy and could not wait—he did not search for the Spanish wreck, but turned pirate and captured a dozen sloops. All of which took quite a time—and Maria couldn't wait either. When Sam had been gone nine months, she had a son. I do not know what happened to the child, though I wish I did. I should like to trace his line.

Abbie Farwell Brown wrote a poem called *The Cross Current*, that might have been written by a girl

with the blood of Maria Hallett and Black Bellamy,
the pirate:

Through twelve stout generations
New England blood I boast;
The stubborn pastures bred them,
The grim, uncordial coast.

.

My clan endured their kindred;
But foreigners they loathed,
And wandering folk, and minstrels,
And gypsies motley-clothed.

Then why do patches please me,
Fantastic, wild array?
Why have I vagrant fancies
For lads from far away?

.

My people clutched at freedom,
(Though others' wills they chained) —
But made the Law and kept it,
And Beauty they restrained.

Then why am I a rebel
To laws of rule and square?
Why would I dream and dally,
Or, reckless, do and dare?

O righteous, solemn Grandsires,
O Dames, correct and mild,
Who bred me of your virtues!
Whence comes this changeling child? —

The thirteenth generation —
Unlucky number this! —
My grandma loved a Pirate,
And all my faults are his!

A gallant, ruffled rover,
With beauty-loving eye,

He swept Colonial waters
Of coarser, bloodier fry.

He waved his hat to Danger,
At Law he shook his fist.
Ah, merrily he plundered,
He sang and fought and kissed!

Though none have found his treasure,
And none his part would take, —
I bless that thirteenth lady
Who chose him for my sake.¹

It would be pleasant if romances all had happy endings, but the truth is that the Selectmen put Maria in Eastham Prison. And after she had grown old and a trifle queer, boys stoned her for a witch, and she built herself a hut in the sand meadows. Eastham did not believe much in witches, and reasonable persons refused to credit the rumors about Maria. While Salem was hanging her old people, Cape magistrates refused to condemn any woman, but ordered that the accusers of one Goody Holmes be publicly whipped, or pay damage for slander in the sum of five pounds. Goody, the ladies charged, was having an affair with the Devil.

There was gossip that Maria Hallett, too, had signed a pact with the Devil in exchange for Black Bellamy's soul, but the matter never went to court, and it must have been a lie because she spent her whole life on the cliffs of Nauset, watching for her lover's return. And when he was shipwrecked, Maria cut her throat, which was something no witch would do — but only a mad creature.

¹ *The Heart of New England*. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Shortly after the Revolution, the Massachusetts Humane Society established huts along the Atlantic Coast to shelter the shipwrecked, and there was one at Nauset where the Coast Guard is now. Shipwrecked mariners swore that Black Bellamy's ghost trysted with the ghost of Maria Hallett, and the two strolled on beach and meadow. The old name for a drowned sailor was Jack-in-the-mist, and if you should go to the beach in the dark of the moon when the fog rolls in from the sea, you will understand how Coast Guardsmen knew when there were ghosts about.

Joseph Lincoln wrote a poem for a life-saver of the Coast Guard:

When the bars are white and yeasty and the shoals are all
a-frothin',

When the wild no'theaster's cuttin' like a knife;
Through the seethin' roar and screech he's patrollin' on the
beach,—

The Gov'ment's hired man fer savin' life.

He's strugglin' with the gusts that strike and bruise him like a
hammer,

He's fightin' sand that stings like swarmin' bees,
He's list'nin' fer the signal from the seas.

He's an angel dressed in oilskins, he's a saint in a sou'wester,

He's as plucky as they make, or ever can;
He's a hero born and bred, but it hasn't swelled his head,
And he's jest the U.S. Gov'ment's hired man.¹

In the summer the life of a Coast Guardsman is soft and easy, but in the winter it is about the hardest

¹ *Cape Cod Ballads*. D. Appleton-Century Company.

life there is. When there are wrecks, the men launch their boats and go out in high seas, risking their lives to save the shipwrecked. Yet it is not the sea, but the sand, that is their worst enemy. When you know that driving Cape sand can change clear glass into ground glass in a single night, you can guess what it does to a man's face. All winter these men patrol the beach, in driving snows and pelting rains.

The coast line of the United States reaches thirteen thousand miles (I hate figures, but these are interesting). Along the coast are strung two hundred and seventy-six Coast Guard Stations. Cape Cod is one of the worst places in America for shipwrecks (though Hatteras, off North Carolina, is about as bad), and that is why there are eleven stations in fifty Cape miles.

All day and night men patrol the beaches. Two men serve a watch of four hours. While one patrols the beach, his keen eyes scanning the sea, the other looks seaward from the tower of the station. In the middle of their watch they exchange duties.

The man patrolling, walks from his own station half the distance to the next station. And there, in a shack, he hangs a brass check. This check is picked up by the man from the adjacent station on his next visit. And he, in turn, leaves his check. Thus is secured positive evidence of the integrity of the service.

The official motto of the Coast Guard is *Semper Paratus*. But the unofficial one is grand—*You have to go out, but you don't have to come back.*

Some of the Coast Guard Stations are at the end of

long, sandy trails, and others can be reached only by boat. Since the one at Eastham is easily accessible, I think you should see it. If you find this inconvenient, there is one in Wellfleet, two miles from the Highway. All stations are pretty much alike, so it makes no difference which you visit. Telephone first to see when they are having drill, and get there in time to watch.

They used to have horses drag the surf boats down to the shore, but it was so hard on the horses that now they use tractors. Six young guardsmen, in hip-length rubber boots and life-saver jackets with inflated collars, launch the boat and row it out to sea. It is very thrilling if the sea is rough, but I think breeches-buoy drill is more interesting.

When storm waves are too high to launch a surf boat, the Coast Guard bring in the shipwrecked in a contrivance called a breeches buoy. First, they shoot a rope out to the wreck from a cannon, and when one end is secured to the wreck, they send along a contraption resembling elongated riding-boots. This is the breeches buoy into which the shipwrecked climb, to be drawn ashore along the rope. During drill, the maneuvers are executed on land, but the ride in the buoy is always impressive.

Guardsmen have drill every day—Seaplane, Boat Etiquette (this is not *Emily Post* stuff), Wig-Wagging, Resuscitation, International Code, Infantry, Boat and Fire Drill, and a number of others. Saturday mornings they clean house, and have the afternoon off. They get sixty dollars a month and their keep. The cook gets

five dollars more than the surfmen, but the surfmen have to peel potatoes and help with the dishes.

Now I think you should drive to the Lighthouse, which is only a mile or so away. And when you get back to the intersection, do not retrace your way, but take the *other* road to the Highway, because it is a perfectly beautiful road and there is a fine old gray house on it, with two big ells, and quite unspoiled. They haven't even put in a bathroom — not that I think a bathroom spoils a house! I only wanted you to know that this house is exactly like the original Cape farmhouses.

Now I remember that I haven't told you about Henry Beston's 'Outermost House.'

Some years ago, Mr. Beston built a little house on the beach at Nauset, about two miles from the Coast Guard Station. He went there for a fortnight in September, but he stayed for a whole year, and wrote a book about it, and called it *Outermost House*.

'As the year lengthened into autumn, the beauty and mystery of the earth and sea so possessed and held me,' he said, 'that I could not go.'

All through a winter of great storms and tides he stayed, and he saw six wrecks and the loss of many lives. On its lonely dune his house of many windows faced the four walls of the world. Mr. Beston, who is a fine and understanding naturalist, wrote beautifully of the things he saw and heard. . . . And then he got married and went to Maine, and wrote a book about herbs.

To see the Nauset sea at its best, Mr. Beston says you should come on a day when the ocean reflects a lovely

sky, and the wind is light and ashore. You should arrive in the afternoon, so that you will have the sun facing the breakers. You should come early, for the glints on the waves are most beautiful and interesting when the light is oblique and high. And you should come with a rising tide.

I suppose you know that the beach runs from Nauset fifty miles to Provincetown, and that it is not at all like other beaches. The Norsemen called it the 'Wonder Strands,' because of its dunes and cliffs and offshore bars, so different from anything they had seen in the world before—and they were boys who traveled.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson read Thoreau's account of the beach, he came down by stagecoach and went at once to Nauset Light. The keeper told Mr. Emerson that a new lighthouse was badly needed, but since it would injure the wrecking business, there was a great deal of objection to the project.

Do you know about the mooncussers whose ghoulish trade was wrecking? There is a rumor that mooncussin' was a local enterprise, but I cannot find a shred of reputable evidence to support the scandal. At Monomoy there was an old white horse that people said belonged to the mooncussers—but let's wait until we get to Monomoy and I'll tell you the story then.

Before we leave Eastham, you should hear about Captain Josiah Knowles. The Knowles men were always captains. Thomas died at sea in his twenties, and Winslow, junior, died in Calcutta. But there was Winslow, senior, and Allen and Josiah, and they all captained clipper ships.

Josiah sailed from San Francisco in February of 1858 on the *Wild Wave*, bound for Valparaiso. A month later the ship was wrecked on a coral reef. And it was not at all the Captain's fault, for the reef, as figured in the chart, was twenty miles out of its true position. Two miles away was a tiny uninhabited island, and here the crew pitched two tents—one for the officers and passengers, the other for the sailors. There was water on the island. There were sea-birds' eggs, and there were land crabs that were good to eat. The crew brought provisions from the *Wild Wave*, and the cook prepared supper.

It was decided that Captain Knowles and his mate, with five of the crew, should sail in one of the small boats to Pitcairn Island, twenty miles away, on the chance of getting some sort of craft from the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. The passengers and the rest of the crew were to remain for one month on the island. Then if the Captain and the Mate had not returned, they were to proceed to Pitcairn as best they could.

There was a storm shortly after Knowles and his men set out, and when daylight came, they were ten miles farther from Pitcairn than they had been when they started. It blew so hard that they could not carry sail, but had to row, and Josiah's hands looked like raw meat when they finally ran through the surf to Pitcairn.

A thickly wooded mountain separated the beach from the settlement, and all day they climbed up one side and scrambled down the other. When they reached the

place where they had expected to find the village, it was deserted. Chickens ran in and out of empty houses. Pigs — half wild — ambled through the streets. Goats scampered about the palm trees, nibbling at bread-fruit and mangoes.... The inhabitants had migrated in a body to Norfolk Island.

A high surf dashed the *Wild Wave's* small boat to pieces, but the Captain saved a compass and a chronometer — so that all he had to do was build a boat. (I am not trying to be funny.) It was decided to build a vessel and sail to Tahiti, fifteen hundred miles away.

They chopped down trees with a rusty axe. They burned houses for nails and iron. They made sails from rags, and a flag from the red hangings on a church pulpit, a white cotton shirt, and a pair of blue overalls.

To caulk their boat, they picked oakum from old rope. They made a pit and burned trees for charcoal. They killed a wild hog and some goats and salted them with sea salt.

On May 26, Captain Knowles wrote in his diary: 'My 28th birthday — my wife thinks I am lost.'

On July 23, they launched their vessel. Three of the group decided to take their chances on the island. The others hoisted sail for the Marquesas, because the wind was dead ahead for Tahiti, and away they bobbed. The little boat rolled and pitched and made them seasick. But ten days later they were at Resolution Bay in the Marquesas.

The natives came flocking to the shore, looking rather hungry, and Captain Knowles decided to go on to Nu-

kahiva. In the harbor of Nukahiva there was an American sloop-of-war, the *Vandalia*.

The *Vandalia* headed straight for Pitcairn, and from there she sailed to the little lonely island where passengers and crew had been eating crabs and coconuts for five months, and praying for deliverance.

Captain Knowles sold his home-made craft to a missionary for two hundred and fifty dollars. The missionary was sailing up and down the islands, begging the natives to be nice and dress themselves, and the boat served his purpose beautifully.

Then the Captain went along to Tahiti, where he took passage for Honolulu, and from there to San Francisco, and finally to New York. He was home for Christmas. And—for a surprise—his wife showed him his daughter, seven months old!

It would never do to leave Eastham without mentioning asparagus. There is a man from Antigua, in the British West Indies, who comes to Massachusetts every summer to eat asparagus. He has tried to grow it on his plantation, and I don't know why he can't, since it is by nature a seaside plant and thrives in the sort of sandy soil where nothing else will grow. But he has no luck, and so he comes to Eastham and eats hundreds of bunches. In the fall, the asparagus acres turn to gold, and I think there is nothing lovelier anywhere.

Before we go to Wellfleet, I should like to tell you about John Young. Talking of Captain Knowles reminded me of John, and the story is too fascinating to leave untold. John wasn't a captain—only a boat-

swain out of Truro. But he had more incredible adventures than any captain I ever heard about.

John went to sea on a whaler and deserted in the South Seas. Tropical lands present a seemingly idyllic life to hard-driven sailormen, and there were beach-combers on every isle. Most of them took to liquor and women and went from bad to worse, but John married the King's daughter and became a power in the land.

Kamehameha I was King of the Cannibal Isles. He had twenty-one wives, the favorite of whom was a colossal creature named Kaahumanu, who happened to be his sister as well. Kaahumanu weighed four hundred pounds, and she never had any children. Kalaku, another favorite, had three daughters who became wives of Kamehameha II (the King's son by a third favorite). John Young married the daughter of a lesser wife, but was the most favored son-in-law.

At the coronation of Kamehameha II, the King and his wives, at the suggestion of our Mr. Young, were borne triumphantly about the island in a whaleboat from Truro. John, by this time, had become adviser to royalty, and something of a dictator.

His wife was a big girl—the Polynesians were all tall and rather good-looking. And they were lamentably licentious. Men had several wives, and the wives had many husbands. There was no native word for a woman's virtue, since the quality was quite unknown.

The girl John Young married wore the native petticoat of tapa, which was made from the bark of the mulberry. Around her neck was a wreath of flowers. Her

favorite food was the national dish made from little dogs that were fed exclusively on fermented roots. She bore John several children who were so Cape Cuddy they would not eat *poi* or drink *kawa*.

Their grandfather died when they were half-grown, and the native chiefs got together to decide what should be done with the body. A number of them wished to eat it, since Kamehameha was both brave and wise, and they believed his heart and brain would do them good. John Young, chieftain by virtue of his marriage, attended the conference, and saved the body. Cannibalism, thanks to New England, was on the wane.

The islands, meantime, had been found by Captain Cook and named in honor of John Montagu, Fourth Earl of Sandwich—The Sandwich Islands, Cook called them. Then came missionaries from America, and you can imagine how astounded they were to find John Young and all the little Youngs.

At the request of Mr. Young, Kamehameha II received the Americans. There was a great party attended by the local nobility, during which the King's wives sat at his feet, picking fleas off their pet dogs and eating them. . . . This, you understand, is history. The missionaries wrote home about it, and every word I am telling is the truth.

The missionaries, with the considerable assistance of ex-Boatswain Young, urged the ladies (who probably looked better in *tapa*) to adopt calico. The favorite wives were presented with unsightly drawers and shapeless dresses. And Evangelism was under way.

Kamehameha II and his favorite wife left shortly for a visit to England, and there they came down with measles and died. Whereupon the Empress Dowager (the mammoth Kaahumanu) ascended the throne, and reigned for nine years, until the younger brother of the King attained his majority.

Almost everybody in the islands got the measles about this time, and in the next few years one tenth of the people died, among them the little new King. Next in line was Alexander Liholiho, grandson of Kamehameha I, who had married at twenty-one the granddaughter of John Young.

Queen Emma-Fanny Young sent to Boston for her coronation gown, and it arrived on a whaler. Alexander became Kamehameha IV. And his bride, who looked more like a New Englander than a cannibal, taught her people Christianity. The royal couple were married in Kawaiaho Church with an Episcopalian marriage service, and their children were baptized in proper fashion.

But though he was married to a girl with Yankee blood in her veins, the King had no use for Americans, because when he was a young boy he had gone to Washington with his little brother, Lot. And there they had been mistaken for Negroes. The Princes had to show their credentials before they could ride in the white section of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad trains, and that made them so angry that they went to London, where color was less important.

Emma-Fanny and Alexander had a fancy coronation, attended by the Hawaiian chapters of Masons and Odd

Fellows, and the cavalry, gaudy in blue and scarlet. The next year Emma-Fanny had a son, and if he had lived, the boy (great-grandson of John Young, of Truro) would have been King of the Hawaiian Islands. He died, however, shortly after the christening. Emma-Fanny had another child as soon as she could, because Kamehameha IV was practically the last of his line, and the Legislature was hoping there would not be any more.

The second child was a girl, so Alexander died without a son. He was succeeded by his brother Lot, who became Kamehameha V. When Lot died without issue, the direct line was extinct, and there was a lot of trouble. The missionaries implored intercession, and America and England, each covetous of the Islands, sent troops. The new King was overthrown, and Liliuokalani became Queen. She was also dethroned, and a republic set up. In 1898 the Islands were annexed by the United States — none of which has anything to do with Emma-Fanny Young Kamehameha, but I hate to leave history up in the air.

Emma-Fanny's second child was a girl named Laura, and when things looked bad in Hawaii, Captain Hiram Harding, of Chatham, who had put in for a load of sandalwood, suggested that he take the child back to the States. The missionaries thought it an excellent idea, and Laura was in favor of it, too. (Emma-Fanny, I think, had died.) So Captain Harding took the little girl aboard, and stopped in Boston to buy her a trunkful of clothes. Then he brought her to Chatham, and

there she went to the public schools. And hardly anybody knew that one of her great-grandfathers was a cannibal king, and the other a Yankee boatswain. I think it is one of the most interesting stories I've ever heard.

CHAPTER EIGHT

DEATH LOOKS DOWN

COMING into Wellfleet we pass an unlovely cemetery on the left. A clergyman told me that the ministers of the early Cape foddered their horses in the graveyards, and the horses kept the grass close-clipped. It has been a long time since an ecclesiastical mount nibbled the high dead grass in Wellfleet's neglected burying ground and the place is filled with holes and hollows.

Little Hope Doane went to heaven when she was eight, and on her grave it says:

Hope was a work of admiration,
A sweet model of perfection.

A few years later, Hope's mother, having buried a houseful, lay down and died, and her stone tells us she was 'a gentle woman.'

The minister I told you about came here with me one day, and when we found Mrs. Doane's grave, I started making speeches about how these women had enormous families and worked themselves to death. Then, when they died, their husbands married again, and some other woman brought up their children. And women's lives were bleak and hard, and, in the end, these poor lives didn't seem to make much sense.

Well, the minister was looking at Mrs. Ezekiel Holbrook's stone, and wondering if the face is a portrait,

and not paying any attention to me, when, all of a sudden, he started reciting poetry:

Under dusky laurel leaf,
Scarlet leaf of rose,
I lie prone who have known
All a woman knows —

Love and grief and motherhood,
Fame and mirth and scorn;
These are all shall befall
Any woman born.

Where I walk a shadow gray
Through gray asphodel,
I am glad, who have had
All that life could tell.

And, you know, maybe they had.

You will never appreciate Wellfleet until you get off the King's Highway and on the back roads. One of the most satisfying drives I know is along Gull Pond Road to the ocean, and the finest time to see it is in the fall. On either side of the road are shining carpets of green splashed with scarlet berries, and if you pick them they will stay beautiful all winter. A mile and a half from the Highway is a very old gray house. Then comes the Pond, edged with pitch pines and pleasant paths.

When you reach the sea, you should leave your car and walk over the moors. If it is September, there will be men on the beach casting for bluefish. If it is October, there may be sea horses.

When a wind from the moors blows off to sea, the breakers rise to fight. The wind meets them. The chargers rear. The wind forces them back. They roar

and charge again, and their white manes stream behind them. There is silver in the sea like shining armor. The surf howls. The wind shrieks—and if you never knew sea horses before, you will never forget them now.

If you should stay on the beach until sunset, you must stop on the way back to see the old gray house when the sun throws long shadows across the grass. Clematis falls over the wall, and red apples gleam in the orchard.

A mile beyond the gray house, in a pretty valley, is as sweet a pastoral sight as ever was—a big white house with a beautiful doorway and broad front rooms, and, next to it, a gray house with tiny rooms and a sagging roof. I wonder if a deep-sea captain was born in the little house and built the big one when he grew rich, and kept them side by side because he loved the little one.

Wellfleet was the home of Captain Lorenzo Baker who introduced the banana to polite society. Captain Baker made voyages between Boston and the South American ports, and once he stopped off in Jamaica, where natives eat bananas all day. The Captain bought green bunches for a penny or two and tossed them into the hold. When he reached Boston, they were ripe and yellow, and everyone who tasted them said, 'My, aren't they good!'

'Maybe I could sell them,' thought the Captain. 'Maybe there's money in them.'

So back he went to Jamaica, and bought so many that the natives said he was mad. Bostonians liked

them, and before long the Captain was making regular voyages solely for bananas. He sent them to other cities, and orders came pouring in. Then the Captain formed his own company, and in a little while it became the Boston Fruit Company — and after that, the United Fruit Company.

The Captain grew richer and richer. The people of Jamaica gave him a solid silver service, and the Archbishop of the West Indies wrote a eulogy and sent it to him. Then, by and by, he died in Wellfleet.

The Bakers always were seafaring people. There was a Captain Seth Baker who took his bride to Jamaica, where she was entertained, in her wedding gown, by the Governor General whose name was Edouard Arojah. The Governor lived on a fine plantation in the mountains, and he sent his slaves with hammocks borne on poles, to bring the newlyweds to dinner. They had humming-bird soup, and angelfish, and roast frogs, and plantain, and yams, and all manner of fruits. And when they were going, the Governor gave Mrs. Baker a mahogany case with four gold-engraved bottles in it, the bottles filled with the best rum in all Jamaica. (Mrs. Baker's grandson has the bottles, and he says he is sorry to say that there is nothing in them now but rubbing alcohol.)

When Mrs. Baker had a son, she named him for Edouard Arojah, and I think there has been an Edouard Arojah in the family ever since. She never went to sea again, but stayed at home and had eight children.

Fifty years later, Captain Lorenzo Baker, descendant

of a common ancestor, bought those first green bananas and showed Jamaica the way to prosperity.

There was another Captain Baker I should like to tell you about — Captain Ezekiel, of Hyannis. The Captain took his wife to sea, and once he took her when she had a brand-new baby. Mrs. Baker went around the Horn eleven times. Her husband sailed the *Black Hawk*, and afterward, the *Young America*. When the Bakers were in foreign ports, the boat was cleaned and painted, so that Mrs. Baker might entertain in style. The Captain hired a span of horses, and, daytimes, Mrs. Baker drove about to see the sights, and, nighttimes, she gave parties. She loved to tell of a wonderful ball in London — ‘And the Captain,’ she used to say, ‘was the handsomest man there.’

Off Colon, Mrs. Baker quelled a mutiny. Ezekiel had brought five hundred Negroes to work on the Panama Canal. The ship was riding at anchor and the Captain had gone ashore. Mary, his wife, was in their cabin. As darkness fell, the blacks mutinied. She could see them from the window of her cabin. There were so many, the crew were powerless before them. Soon they would rush aft, to break in cabin doors.

Mrs. Baker reached from her window, and took a signal halyard from the mizzen-pin band. She attached the signal — *Mutiny on Board* — and hoisted it from the inside of the cabin. The American flagship *Tennessee*, standing near, saw it, and came at once to the rescue. But by the time they had reached Ezekiel’s ship, the blacks were at the door of Mary’s cabin.

Long before the days of the Bakers' clipper ships, Wellfleet was making a name for herself as a whaling center. It is said that the name of the town was evolved from 'whale fleet,' but it wasn't really. It came from Wallfleet in England, only everybody spelled it wrong.

In the beginning there were so many whales here that men thought nothing of bagging a whopper before breakfast. At first the whales came accommodatigly near the shore. But around 1750, wise whales began to teach their children that danger lurked along the beach. And that was when the fleet was organized.

On a single voyage, Captain Jesse Holbrook of this town killed fifty-two whales, and then a London company eagerly engaged him to teach their boys the trick. The Captain lived twelve years in England, and came home a rich man.

After the whales became scarce, men from Wellfleet went after them, and chased them all over the world. It was a grand and glorious business until some lily-livered boy tapped an oil well in Pennsylvania and the poor old whalers took to crying in their beards.

During the World War, however, it was discovered that certain bearings in the engines of battleships required an oil that is nowhere save in the head of a sperm whale. Vessels were fitted up and mariners found, and an ancient industry revived. After the War, British and Scandinavian whaling factories were built, and new uses found for whale oil.

Almost everybody thinks of whaling as a thing of the past, yet in the last two years twin-screw, oil-burning

vessels obtained more oil and killed more whales than the old New England whalers took from the sea in half a century. A vessel put into New York recently with fifteen hundred barrels of sperm oil and two hundred pounds of ambergris.

Ambergris is used as a fixative in perfume, and is extremely valuable. It is sometimes found floating in the sea. A boy in Maine found some a few years ago, and it paid his expenses through college and set him up in business afterward. It is something a whale gets when he eats too many cuttlefish. He throws it up, and then he feels better.

When women wore extremely heavy corsets, whalebone brought a higher price than oil, but now I think there is little use for it. Next to ambergris, spermaceti is the most profitable thing about a whale. It is a liquid oil used in cosmetics and for the lubricating of watches and fine machinery.

Some whales have as many as thirty gallons of spermaceti swishing around inside them, and Helena Rubinstein, international beauty authority, buys it by the hogshead. She uses it in creams that prevent chapping and protect our faces against the effects of wind and rapid changes in temperature. Water lilies and spermaceti sound like a funny combination, but Madame Rubinstein blends them in the loveliest cream. As soon as she discovered the soothing balm of water lilies, she bought lily ponds all over the world, but I don't suppose she will take to raising whales.

The whale which carries spermaceti has an extra-

sized head which weighs one third of its entire body, and the spermaceti is in the head cavity. Rubinstein was a pioneer in the use of biological ingredients in beauty preparations. Spermaceti, she says, has special talents for healing the skin, and when the impurities are eliminated, the fishy odor disappears.

Speaking of cosmetics, the *Robert E. Lee* was wrecked off the Cape a few years ago, and cosmetics came drifting ashore in the most delightful way — perfumes and creams, and big beautiful jars of bath salts. And once there was a wreck that brought in cotton cloth and thread. There is a woman in Wellfleet who still has six spools of black silk that came in on a tide a hundred years ago.

Wellfleet was always distressingly famous for wrecks. It was off the Backside that Black Bellamy's lovely galley was wrecked. The *Whidah* was a London ship, and Bellamy had captured her in the Indies. On the way to the States, he took seven more vessels and robbed them of their cargoes. With his hold filled with elephants' teeth and indigo, gold dust and sugar, he sailed toward Eastham. There was a storm off the coast, and the *Whidah* struck on a sand bar. Before she broke she turned bottom up, her cargo fell through her decks, and hundreds of bags of gold were swept into the sea.

Her pirate crew were washed ashore — a hundred and two of them. They were buried with scant ceremony in one deep trench, and those who had come for the funeral remained for the loot. The wreckage littered the beach for miles, and scavengers came from all over the Cape

to gather the rich spoils of Black Bellamy's sinful cruise.

From Wellfleet we go to Truro, and the best way is by Pamet Point Road. After Gull Pond Road, watch on the left for Pamet. It leads over the moors to the Hill of Churches. If the sun should be setting, there will be enchanting glimpses of crimson sky over blue seas, with the sun spilling glory everywhere. Being on the Bay at sunset is like being on a boat in mid-ocean, the way you can see the sun fall into the sea. It is so sure to drive everything else out of your head that I must remind you to watch for the churches. As you come out on the Highway, they lie ahead — two white churches and the Town Hall.

One September at dusk I was in the burying ground, reading on the monument the names of the fifty-seven boys of Truro who were lost in the October gale of '41. Darkness fell swiftly, and the bell in the farthest belfry rang seven times. I waited, but no one came from the tower. And as I waited, I thought of Cynthia Gross who lived with her nine sisters, who, all of them, played musical instruments and sang like angels.

The Grosses were Methodists, and believed in ghosts and the Devil. Cynthia was midwife of the Lower Cape — five hundred babies to her credit, and never a mother lost. She lived in Wellfleet, and, going home from Truro, she wandered one night through the burying ground. Everybody knew how Cynthia Gross believed in apparitions, and had taken to her heels and fled like mad at sight of a 'sperrit.'

From behind the monument there floated a figure

shrouded in mist. Cynthia stopped short. She pushed back her bonnet, and peered through the dark. And her old voice quavered a bit as she spoke.

‘Who might that be?’

‘Madam, I am the Devil.’

She leaned against a stone, and drew her Paisley shawl about her, for her knees were weak, and the graveyard had grown cold and full of fog. But now her voice was soft and warm.

‘Ah, poor soul, I pity thee.’

There is something about a graveyard—and it doesn’t make any difference if you *don’t* believe in ghosts.... I waited for the bellringer. It grew dark—and darker. And I thought I wouldn’t wait any longer. Who wants to see the bellringer? Pooh—the old bellringer!

On the King’s Highway I stopped an old woman.

‘Who rings the bell on the hill?’ I asked her.

‘There don’t nobody ring it.’

‘But it rang just now—it rang seven times.’

‘It did so.’

‘And don’t you know who rings it?’

‘That bell ain’t rung with human hands.’ The old woman hitched her shawl and tightened her tippet. ‘It’s ’lectricity in th’ village.’

The most significant stone in the burying ground is the monument to the boys who were lost at sea—and they were such young boys! It is said that they lived within a two-mile radius, brothers and cousins and young uncles. There were eight Snows, eight Paines,

and four Riches. The Riches were brothers—the youngest eighteen, and the oldest twenty-six. Seven vessels foundered in that memorable gale, and one of them drifted to shore, with the drowned crew locked in the cabin.

There are fifty-seven names on the Monument, and forty-eight are of boys in their twenties or younger. Little boys went to sea at ten, for ten was the 'right' age for larnin' of water tricks and the making of mariners. They were born with the fever of the sea in their veins, and life held nothing else than ships.

Palfrey, the New England historian, spoke once at Barnstable, and every word he said was true:

The duck does not take to water with a surer instinct than the Cape Cod boy. He leaps from his leading string into the shrouds. It is but a bound from his mother's lap to the mast-head. He boxes the compass in his infant soliloquies. He can hand reef and steer by the time he flies a kite.

The boys who went to sea and never returned could sail a thousand ships, and I should think their mothers would have moved to the prairies and saved them from ice floes and yellow fever and pirates and typhoons. . . .

Harry Kemp wrote a poem called *Every Time I See A Ship*, and I suppose many of us feel the same way:

When I think of all the great ships
That have gone down at sea
To lie along the bottom sands
Till time shall cease to be,
With captains in their cabins
And slaves that sleep in rows,
And dainty, skeleton ladies
In ruffs and furbelows —

Oh, then I wish the ocean
Was a thing that had not been
Because of all the lives and ships
That have been lost therein.

Yet every time I see a ship
Go sailing far to sea,
In spite of all its death I'm glad
For its waters rolling free,
Where men may learn that courage
Is more than precious stones,
That the soul is more, forever,
Than its house of flesh and bones —

After the October gale there were a thousand widows in the thirteen towns of Cape Cod. Thoreau tells of seeing a little lonely house on a cliff.

'Who lives there?' he asked.

'Three widows,' they told him.

In the early eighteenth century, Eastham voted four acres of land for every widow in town, and Orleans shortly made similar provision. We know that comely widows had a good chance of remarrying within a year, for both men and women believed in consoling themselves as promptly as possible. But there were sometimes old widows — 'relicts,' they were called — whom nobody wanted. They were the childless women who lived in 'half houses,' and when their husbands died and left them penniless, they were put up at auction. Elizabeth Reynard in her fascinating book, *The Narrow Land*,¹ tells of Mistress Lovell, who was

set up by the Selectmen . . . and struck off to Josiah Stevens for to keep one year for the Sum of nine pounds Six shillings

¹ Houghton Mifflin Company, 1934.

& if she did not live the Year in, he to have in that proportion.

But Mistress Lovell did live—the poor soul lived to appear at eight annual auctions. Her clothes kept getting shabbier and shabbier, and her little jet bonnet was a rag. Finally, Mistress Lovell was officially in need of a shirt. The town voted to buy her ‘a cheap one—expense sixpence.’ And then they sold her again. In September, 1783, she died, and was laid in a ‘poverty box’ under the pine trees in the churchyard, for her clothes were not considered suitable for a last appearance in the Meeting House.

Over the coffin a sailcloth was thrown while the Selectmen estimated and bickered. Finally they voted ‘a winding sheet and a shift for the Widow Lovell, eight shillings.’

From the Hill of Churches we will go, if you wish, to Corn Hill, although I should tell you that there is not one thing to see when you get there. I’ll tell you the story, and then you can do what you please. If you decide to go, take Castle Road on the left, about a mile from the burying ground.

The place is called Corn Hill because it was there the Pilgrims found the corn they obtained for their first planting. They landed first, you remember, in Provincetown, but when they looked the place over, they decided they did not like it, and went on to Plymouth. That isn’t the story the Provincetown people tell, but it is the truth just the same. People are always telling untruths about the Pilgrims. As a matter of fact, they didn’t *find* that first corn—they *stole* it. If you are a

Mayflower descendant, you must forgive me—but here is the story:

When Miles Standish and his little band were reconnoitering around Truro, they found some corn to which they helped themselves generously. When it was gone, they returned for more, and on the second trip they dug up two graves. Slightly under the ground they found a mat, and under it was a bow. Beneath the bow was another mat, and under that were bowls, trays, and dishes. Beneath the third mat there were two bundles. They unwrapped the first, and found that it contained a quantity of red embalming powder and the skull and bones of a man. In the second bundle was the skeleton of a little child, with a number of small bracelets of fine white beads, and a little bow and arrow. They took away with them 'sundry of the prettiest things,' and 'covered up the corpses.'

Not far away were two houses. These they entered, and 'some of the best things we took away with us.' (They took a bottle of oil, a bag of beans, a kettle, some corn, and a few trinkets.)... 'But the houses we left standing.'

Now, Indians, like most primitive people, venerated the graves of their dead. Once, when the colonists had plundered the grave of a chieftain's family, he gathered his people about him. And the gist of what he said was this: He told them that the spirit of his mother had visited him one night, 'when the glorious light of the sky was under the earth, and the birds had ceased to sing, and he had sought for repose,' and she reproached

him, saying, 'Behold, my son, whom I have cherished! ... See now the breasts that gave thee suck, and the hands that lapped thee warm. ... See now the sachem's grave defaced. ...'

As a great patriarchal family, an injury offered to one was a sacrilege felt by all. Each personal affront being wholesale insult, it is a wonder that the Indians did not start their massacres sooner.

You have probably heard of little John Billington who wandered from Plymouth to Sandwich, and was lost in the woods five days. When Massasoit heard about it, he sent runners to surrounding tribes, asking that they search for the boy. It was learned that the child had wandered to an Indian plantation in Sandwich, where he had been fed and cared for. From there he had gone with young braves to Nauset. Tribesmen brought him home in a shallop, carrying him on their shoulders from the sea to dry land. He was hung with decorations and his arms were filled with presents.

The white men made a party of the occasion, and gifts were exchanged. Everybody seemed happy but one very old Indian woman, who wept and lamented and made a quite unseemly racket. When the Pilgrims asked who she was, they were told that she was a widow whose three sons had been captured by a white man and taken away on a ship. She had come to look at the white men, and found herself unable to restrain her grief. The sachem hoped her tears were not upsetting. The Pilgrims explained that Captain Hunt, who had done that, was a bad white man, while they were good white

men. Hunt was a member of John Smith's fleet. He had captured twenty-seven Indians and sold them into slavery. The Indians had retaliated at the first opportunity, but now the hatchet was buried.

On another occasion, Standish discovered that 'some trifles' had been taken from his shallop while he was foraging in Nauset. He at once took with him a number of his company and called upon the sachem, 'demanding restitution and threatening, if the goods were not brought back at once, to take revenge upon the Indians before leaving them.' The sachem made inquiries, recovered the stolen goods, and returned them with the assurance that the culprit had been punished. At the same time he gave the Pilgrims 'refreshment and gifts.'

Again Standish went to buy corn. The weather was stormy, and he and his band accepted the hospitality of the Indians. That night he imagined they were plotting to kill him. In the morning he missed a few beads, and 'threatened to fall upon them without delay if they did not forthwith restore them.' Once more apologies were in order. A second culprit was punished. And the sachem ordered that more corn should be brought, and, to appease the testy Captain, his shallop was filled to overflowing.

Upon Standish's return, he reported that his life had been imperiled and that he had reason to believe the Indians were planning an attack. He was empowered to handle the situation as he thought best, so he made his plans accordingly.

Under the pretense of trade, he got their chiefs to-

gether. Six of them were killed with knives, and one was hanged. The head of one he set upon a pole, and placed over the fort in Plymouth. (No wonder Priscilla Mullins wouldn't look at the man.) The news of the massacre spread, and the Indians, terrified and confounded, took to the swamps, where they contracted sickness and died — among them the young Sachem Iyanough, who had been a true friend to Miles Standish.

A mile from Corn Hill where the predatory Captain began his trouble-making, is another burying ground. If you don't want to poke about, stop long enough to view the breath-taking sweep of sea. And if you do go in, look for Mrs. Mary Cross in her bonnet, in the very front row. There are some unusual heads by a stone-cutter who worked from 1729 to 1756. And I rather like the verse that Peter Wells wrote for his wife, Hannah, when she died at thirty-three. (I should like to know if Peter married within the year.)

Ye Guardian Angels that protect the Just,
 Preserve in silence Peace this Sacred Dust.
 Here undisturbed and quiet, let her sleep
 Whilst I, Behind, am left Alone to Weep.
 To Weep? Indignant thought! I'd rather say
 To wait impatient for that Awful Day
 When in her tomb my ashes join with this
 Shall meet above in Extasy and Bliss.

When Priscilla, the amiable and pious consort of the Reverend Caleb Upham, 'expired in a fitt of The Apoplexy Suddenly,' there was carved on her tomb the somber warning, 'Be Ye Always Ready.' Shortly her

husband died, and on his deathbed, he ordered a most unchristian epitaph: 'I have been and that is all.' Regretfully the stone-cutter carved it.

Abigail Adams was twenty-three when she died 'in child-bed,' and on her stone her grieving husband speaks, 'What dust we dote on when we mortals love!'

Samuel Adams—Abigail's husband—was a physician, graduated from Harvard, and you can imagine with what apprehensiveness he tended her confinement. The baby lived four weeks. And on its stone is the customary sentiment:

Happy the Babe who privileged by Fate
Received but yesterday the gift of breath
Ordered tomorrow to return to Death.

You can tell a man wrote it, because a woman never would.

From the burying ground you should go directly to Highland Light. The light is on a cliff a hundred and fifty feet high. Beyond it, the ocean stretches away three thousand miles. They say that Coruna in northern Spain lies exactly opposite. One Christmas Eve I walked along the sea in Coruna, but I did not know then that Highland Light lay beyond. Or that I should stand, another night, in Truro, dreaming of lovely things that can never happen again.

This is one of the most powerful lights in America. The lenses are so big that you can stand inside them. Every five seconds they flash a white light that can be seen forty-five miles at sea. Coming from Europe to

Boston, Highland Light is the first beacon that mariners see, and its candle power is 4,500,000—these are all the statistics I can remember.

If you come here on a clear night, you can see five lights blinking across the dark, and one of them is that 'I—love—you' I told you about—Minot's, off Cohasset.

You can see Peaked Hill Bars, too, if the day is reasonably clear. They lie a mile or so offshore to the northeast. At night there is a light that flashes there, and when the sea is rough, a groaning buoy makes appropriately mournful sounds.

There have been more wrecks off Peaked Hill Bars than anywhere else on the Atlantic seaboard. During the Revolution, the British man-of-war *Somerset* struck on the bars and was driven on the beach. Two hundred of her men were drowned, and the rest were captured and taken to Boston. They look harmless enough on a quiet August day, but there are more ships buried off those bars than you could believe.

People who love the Cape should read her marine history. The little library in Hyannis has a fine collection of Cape Cod books, and Mrs. Hinckley, the librarian, is a most gracious and helpful lady. When we reach Hyannis, I'll tell you more about the library, but it is one of the places you should visit as soon as possible.

And now, if I were you, I should go to the Bayberry Candle Place at Bearskin Neck, half a mile from the burying ground. Watch for the sign just beyond North

Truro post-office. Here are docks and fish houses, boat builders and artists, beach plums and candles.

In the sea are the gray weirs of the fishermen. The weirs are put down in March and taken out of the water in November, and every morning early they are drawn up, and the fish scooped out. When the fish are running, they are drawn up at sunset too. The fishermen catch herring, mackerel, and whiting in them — and probably other fish also. I am not awfully interested in fish, and I have already looked up quite a number of things for you. But when I heard that nobody knows where mackerel spend the winter, I wrote the Oceanographic Institution at Woods Hole and asked if it were really true. And Mr. Schroeder replied that it was absolutely so. After October they simply drop from sight, and nobody has ever caught so much as a glimpse of them for six months.

In Virginia, in May, they suddenly appear, looking pretty scrawny. They start swimming north, to spawn in New England waters. In late May, they are off New Jersey. By June, they are rounding Cape Cod. In July, they are at Nova Scotia. In August, off Newfoundland. And when September arrives, the head of the procession is at the Straits of Belle Isle. All summer they stream northward. In smaller schools, they return in October, making their last appearance off Cape Cod.

Arthur Tarbell tells of a record catch one fall, off Provincetown, of fifty-seven thousand pounds of mackerel in a single night! Cape fishermen sail south to meet the fish and move north with them, running into con-

venient ports to unload. They do their seining at night because the fish keep away from the surface in the daytime. I've never seen them, but Mr. Tarbell says the phosphorescent glow they make in the dark is a lovely thing. If there is anything else you want to know about mackerel, read *Fishes of the Gulf of Maine*, by Bigelow and Welsh.¹ Mr. Schroeder told me about it, but I didn't get around to it. You can get it at the Marine Biological Library in Woods Hole.

Candles, I think, are nicer than fish, and bayberry candles are the nicest candles there are. In an old history of Virginia, there is an account of berries that grow 'all along upon the sea and bay,' of which the people made candles of 'surpassing sweetness. . . . If accident puts a candle out, it yields a pleasant fragrancy to all that are in the room; insomuch that nice people often put them out on purpose to have the incense of the expiring snuff.' You should buy dozens, and keep putting them out so that your house will smell like the woods.

The legend of the bayberry tells about a young sea breeze that loved a yielding pine—and drifted on, as lovers do. And the pine tree wept, as maidens will. Her teardrops, with odors mixed of pine and sea, fell upon the dunes. And there they grew—and *grew*. Until you would think all the pines in Truro did nothing but weep.

I thought the candles expensive until I learned that it

¹ *Bulletin of the Bureau of Fisheries*, vol. XL, 1934, part 1, pp. 188-208.

takes fifteen pounds of berries to make a single pound of wax. The berries are covered with cold water and boiled for three hours. The oily part rises like fat on a stew, and is skimmed and strained. Then the wicks are dipped by hand. When they are hardened, they are dipped again, and this goes on until they have been dipped thirty-five times.

Thoreau saw a school of blackfish driven ashore here. He says they were 'a smooth, shining black, like India-rubber, and had remarkably simple and lumpish forms for animated creatures, with a blunt round snout or head, whale-like, and simple stiff-looking flippers.' The largest were about fifteen feet long, but there were some that were only five feet, and still without teeth. A fisherman slashed one with his jack-knife, to see how thick the blubber was—about three inches; and as Thoreau passed his finger through the cut, it was covered thick with oil.

The blubber looked like pork, and this man said that when they were trying it, the boys would sometimes come around with a piece of bread in one hand, and take a piece of blubber in the other to eat with it, preferring it to pork scraps. He also cut into the flesh beneath, which was firm and red like beef, and he said that for his part he preferred it, when fresh, to beef.

But Thoreau never ate meat at all, and I am rather surprised that he ate that sea clam I told you about. His friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson, said of him that he never married, never went to church, never voted, never paid a tax, never ate flesh, never drank wine, and never smoked.

Mr. Emerson came to the Cape to lecture after his fellow townsman returned to Concord, and he was tremendously impressed with the views, the ships, and the women.

‘What beautiful women one sees in Cape audiences!’ exclaimed Mr. Emerson, wiping his glasses and smiling benignly.

CHAPTER NINE

THE PLEASANT TOWN OF PROVINCETOWN

PEOPLE usually feel violently about Provincetown. They like it immensely, or they don't like it at all. People who dislike it say, 'But it's so crowded! The streets are so narrow!' And they talk about movies and bowling alleys and hot dogs and popcorn, as though there was nothing else in town — which only goes to show how little they know.

If men were not as gregarious as sheep, they could swim in sparkling water or walk the sands here for days, and never see a soul. You can live, if you want, like a beachcomber on a South Sea island. There was a nudist colony in Provincetown one year, and the Watch and Ward scoured the dunes and never found it.

But whatever people say about loving solitude, most of them, I have noticed, are very fond of company. I am not being superior about this, for I feel the same way myself. I think the pleasantest thing about solitude is having someone to share it with.

Provincetown offers so many attractions that you surely can find something to your taste. In the first place, there is beauty. Land and sea retain an ancient dignity that all the commercialism in the village can never touch.

Provincetown is a busy and populous little town, as remote from the rest of the mainland as an island set-

tlement. And yet it is unmistakably New England. Its streets are shaded by English elms. Its little houses are flanked by lilacs. There is the white Colonial church, and the Captain's mansion, and there are many things besides.

On the old gray wharves the artists paint. In the harbor are remnants of ancient argosies. Back from the Banks come the fishing boats. Their dingy sails come tumbling down. Lovely barques skim across the shining sea. There is a wild saltiness and a dazzling sun.

On the pier are fishermen with very blue eyes, and Portuguese from the Azores. When whaling captains went abroad, the Portuguese listened to their tales of fishing and crossed the ocean to see if these were true. In time, the foreign fisherfolk established a colony in Provincetown—and now their descendants pose for the artists.

The artists are funny. A young man at a studio party asked me, 'Do you write, paint, or play?' I said, 'I cook.' And he said, 'Oh, I say.' I thought he was an Oxford lad, but he was too handsome. His mother takes in washing, and his father digs clams. There is something about Provincetown that makes you want to buy a purple smock, and rent a studio, and give mad parties on battered wharves.

It is surprising that the Pilgrims did not think better of the place. They anchored in the Bay and came ashore on a little voyage of discovery. They explored as far as Eastham, and decided that the soil was too sandy for an agricultural group. When they got back to the

Mayflower, Mistress White had had her baby, and Mistress Bradford had fallen ill.

Mistress White was 'expecting' when they left Holland, and her husband, William, had bought a nice Dutch cradle. Perhaps you saw it in the Museum in Plymouth. Well, Peregrine was born in December, and the following May, Mistress White, then a widow, married Edward Winslow, who became the third Governor of the colony. Her wedding slippers are in the museum, too. They were salmon-color, trimmed with silver lace—and Mistress White had very big feet. She was the first woman on the *Mayflower* to have a child in America. She became the first bride. And she was the wife of one governor and the mother of another.

The best way to become acquainted with Provincetown is to drive 'up-a-long' Commercial Street, and 'down-a-long' Bradford Street. The streets were originally called Back and Front, but the town fathers committed a venial sin and changed the names. You can drive all over town in less than an hour—and then spend a summer exploring.

Once there was a long plank walk on Front Street. When Andrew Jackson was President, Uncle Sam declared a bonus. Provincetown took her share of the surplus revenue, and half the town wanted to build a wooden footway with it, and the other half said, Nonsense—what were folks coming to that they couldn't walk in the street? But the walk was laid, and half the citizens refused to use the pesky thing, but plodded

in the middle of the road with their shoes full of sand and their hearts full of bitterness till their dying day.

For a bird's-eye view of the town, go to Pilgrim Monument. When Plymouth exploited her Rock, the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce built a tower to tell the world where first the Pilgrims landed. From the Monument you can look across the splendid harbor and the funny little town with its houses crowding to the water's edge. You can see the beaches, and the boulevards, and the gulls flying over the water. To familiarize yourself with the topographical ways of a town, you should visit its high places as soon as possible. And when you have been to the Monument, you should go to the Museum.

Provincetown's Historical Museum is in a big square house on Front Street. I don't like the house, and at first I didn't like the Museum. It is not an impressive place, but it will give you a feeling for ships and the old-time ways of seafaring people that you never had before. The house, after its fashion, is rather a grand place. I am not sure that it was built by a Provincetown captain, but it is the style the captains favored.

The constant goal of a sailor's waning years was to 'retire from the sea' and spend the rest of his life in the town where he was born. Deep-sea captains with tidy fortunes dreamed of homes as compact and shipshape as the boats they loved, and they shopped for furnishings in every port where trade was good. They bought rugs in Algiers, silks in Stamboul; in Hongkong they bought teak and china, and silver in the Netherlands.

Miss Mona Howes, of Dennis, has, to this day, treasures from sixty-seven countries brought home by her seafaring ancestors.

New England men were the most traveled on earth, but the taste of Cape Codders was not the refined taste of the men who sailed from Boston and Salem. Boston sent her boys to Harvard for cultivation, but Cape lads had their own ships before the Boston boys were through college. Twenty years later, they all retired, and the differences in background and education were reflected in the homes they built.

While Bulfinch built in Boston and McIntire in Salem, Cape captains designed their own houses—and threw in Captains' Walks for good measure. These houses were generous and spacious—and some were beautiful. For the most part, they were like the Museum, box-sided and square as a cube.

Some day the Museum is going to be furnished in Victorian fashion. Now it houses a number of fascinating collections, and is more interesting than it looks. There is some of the china the captains brought home from abroad—Luster and Lowestoft and Staffordshire; cases of Sandwich glass and Stiegel, Indian beadwork, and a ring you may like.

It was called a 'Regard Ring,' and was a token of 'affection and esteem.' A ruby for *r*, an emerald for *e*, and a garnet for *g*, an amethyst for *a*, another ruby, and then a diamond for *d*. I knew a man who designed seven circlets that spelled 'Dearest,' which was ever so much nicer. Old-time lovers were so distressingly

respectful. In 1847 a young man from Sippican wrote nineteen-year-old Lydia Bowles a love-letter—and this is what it said:

Dear Lydia,

I flatter myself that the integrity of my intentions will excuse the freedom of these few lines. Those only who have suffered them can tell the unhappy moments of hesitating uncertainty which attend the formation of a resolution to declare the sentiments of affection. I who have felt their greatest and most acute torments could not, previous to my experience, have formed the remotest idea of their severity.

Every one of those qualities in you which claim my admiration increases my diffidence, by showing the great risk I run in venturing perhaps before the affectionate assiduities have made the desired impression on your mind, to make a declaration of the ardent passion I have long since felt for you.

If I am disappointed of the place I hope to hold in your affections, I trust this step will not draw on me the risk of losing the friendship of yourself and family. I will press the subject no farther. Having made this candid declaration I shall wait patiently for your answer.

Yours sincerely

JOSHUA P. R.

There was a book called 'The Elegant Letter Writer,' from which the young man may have copied this declaration of his 'ardent passion.' At any rate, it did not move Lydia, for two years later she married Captain Franklin Hathaway, and Joshua became a Forty-Niner.

'Composition' was an accomplishment in those days, and occasions of grief or joy were immortalized in the

lines of village bards. Be sure to see the memorial poems on the loss of the three schooners that sailed from Provincetown one fine May day—and never were seen again.

In October a terrific gale swept the ocean across't
And in that gale we suppose they were lost.

The *Franconia* set out in the summer of 1866, and a month later she sank on the Grand Banks:

Three days and nights they did pump
Their vessel for to save,
But in spite of all their efforts
She sank beneath the waves.

You will like the souvenirs of the whaling fleet, and the curious 'scrimshaw' with which the sailors occupied themselves during the interminable voyages. From the bones and teeth of whales they fashioned all manner of things—exquisite fans, inlaid boxes, model ships, yarn winders, bodkins, and combs, and curious little crimpers for pie crust—jagging wheels, they were called. Men on the whalers were not so clever, perhaps, as the men who sailed on clipper ships, but they were able and strong and very brave, and some of their 'skrimshandered' articles are delicate and fine. Clipper-ship sailors called whaling vessels 'spouters' and 'butcher shops.' But when the barques put out to sea the owners and their wives and all the town came crowding to the wharves to cheer and wish the whalers 'greasy luck.' A voyage might last three years, and it would be filled with peril. In 1871 a fleet of thirty-four vessels was crushed in Arctic ice. Sometimes when

their men came home, the women hardly knew them. Foreign, fascinating, bearded, and strange—with ships tattooed across their chests and earrings in their ears! They had sailed away slim boys. Now they were big and bronzed, and they told strange tales of cannibals and brown girls, bare-naked in the sun.

Sick of hard work, poor food, and a dirty ship, whalers often deserted in the South Seas.

And when they came home, how they grumbled!

‘Ain’t the food good?’

‘Yeah—what there is of it.’

‘Ain’t you had enough?’

‘Yeah—such’s ’tis.’

From every beach in the world they brought home shells—and there is a Shell Room in the Museum, with strange and dreadful things made of shells. There is another room of old-time handicrafts, and one of old costumes.

Downstairs is a portrait of Nathaniel Ellis Atwood who went to school for only three weeks, and was a scholar and a master mariner at twenty-one! He became a teacher, a friend of Agassiz, and the most distinguished ichthyologist in America. To do him honor, the other ichthyologists named a man-eating shark *Carcharias Atwoodii*. And if you never had a man-eating shark named after you, you probably cannot imagine how touched Mr. Atwood was.

Upstairs is an Arctic collection presented to the Museum by Commander Donald MacMillan. There are only two mounted white wolves in the world, and one of

them is on the third floor of this Museum. There is a musk ox too. You know the musk ox lives the farthest north of any animal on earth, and he grows both wool and hair, which is an accomplishment quite proper for the North Pole.

While we are in this educational frame of mind, we might call at the 'Freezers.' Even if you are awfully tired of fish, you will be interested. If you want to go out with the fishermen, you can make arrangements at the wharf. If you like to sail, you can hire a boat and cross the harbor to Long Point. There was a town on Long Point once, but the land was so narrow the householders were frightened when storms began to crowd them. They made rafts, got their houses aboard, and sailed them over to the village.

Old houses in this incredible town have a fantastic way of gathering up their skirts and ambling off. Sometimes they go from the shore to the dunes where the swift winds blow. One ancient house left a quiet valley and came and sat on the shore where the surf flings spray in her old face. A man will buy a piece of dune land, and a cottage in the town, and presently across the sands toils the little house. Or he buys a piece of shore property to have the sea in his front yard, and down from a back street wobbles the house of his choice.

Artists and writers have bought a number of the old houses and made them charming. Read Susan Glaspell's beautiful *Road to the Temple* if you would hear about the town when the Provincetown Players

were young and brave. Read the Reverend Nancy Paine Smith, and the rowdy Frank Shay. And—if you are interested in art—go to the gallery of the Art Association, home and haven of every painting faction. Speaking of art, there are artists in the market and on the wharves who will make an excellent likeness of you for seventy-five cents, and do it in two or three minutes—or, if you have more time and money, a portrait for five dollars, to do you proud.

There is a house in the West End you should visit. It belonged to a whaling captain and it is the oldest house in town. It has a great old-fashioned fireplace and a Dutch oven, and among its treasures is a silver spoon that came over in the *Mayflower* and was found on the beach after three hundred years had passed.

The *Mayflower* was in Provincetown Harbor for five weeks before she went on to Plymouth. During that time the men drew up the Compact and went exploring. They found corn and graves, had a skirmish with the Indians, and discovered a spring.

The women brought their washing ashore on a Monday, and the place where they scrubbed is marked by a tablet at the extreme west end of the town. When they returned to the boat, they found Mistress Bradford ailing, and a few days later she fell overboard and was drowned. It is possible that she had in her hand at the time of the accident the silver spoon that was found so long afterward. Its twin is in the Museum in Plymouth, and of course no one knows how this one fell in the ocean. Perhaps one of the children threw it overboard.

The winter the Pilgrims were in Provincetown the ice in the harbor was eight feet deep. The tide here goes out sometimes a whole mile. When it ebbed that winter, the great ice floes sank to the floor of the harbor. Then, with a strong wind and an incoming tide, they were scraped off the bottom and piled high on the beach. The spoon, presumably, came in on the bottom of a mass of ice. Now, after three centuries of tarnish, it lies in a velvet case.

There are many interesting things in the old house — and some are for sale, and some are not. There are hooked rugs made in the old New England way by the wives and daughters of fishermen. Rug-making was the first art in America. In the beginning, the floors were not carpeted, but spread evenly with white sand. By and by the sand was herrin'-boned and the floors made decorative. As life became easier and women had leisure for tasks that were less than back-breaking, they began to make rugs. They cut their old clothes into strips, made new dyes, and dipped the rags in joyous hues. They made ship and sea designs as they sat on their doorsteps and looked across the water. And the floral patterns were in memory of their summer gardens. The looms in the whaler's house are like those of a medieval craft guild wherein a standard of excellence is required and the members are held together by interest in their art. The designs are copies of originals. (I hope this doesn't sound like a sales talk.)

America's first Wash Day is remembered by a tablet

opposite Provincetown Inn. Way-up-a-long you pass the Red Inn (a pleasant place to eat), and then you come to Delft Haven, the *niciest* place to stay!

Delft Haven is a group of modern cottages built in Cape Cod style—and complete from cocktail-shakers to fly-swatters. They have fireplaces, electric stoves and refrigeration, hooked rugs and Early American furniture, a private beach and gardens, maid service, and a terrace on the sea. You can rent them by the day, or by the season (if you get there in time), and the charge is so reasonable you'll be sure you misunderstand.

Half the town rents rooms, and the other half serves meals. There is the Central House on Front Street, and the Gifford House on the hill. Norse Wall Cottage shelters a crumbling bit of the walls the Vikings left the summer Gudrid had her baby.

You must drive to Race Point where the water is amazingly blue. And you should walk out the Breakwater to Wood End Light where the submarine S-4 sank in December of 1927, and could not come up again. Storms prevented raising her until her crew of forty men had died. You may remember that communication was established, and six of the condemned men talked to those who tried to rescue them. The rest had met a quicker death from chlorine and carbon dioxide gases, but these six were imprisoned in the torpedo compartment—without food and with a limited supply of oxygen. When a diver reached the deck of the submerged vessel, the imprisoned men

asked questions by hammer knocks in international code on the steel hull.

The first day they asked, 'What is being done for us?' They were at the bottom of one hundred and twenty feet of water, with the Secretary of the Navy, three admirals, and the Chief of Navy Operations cruising impotently on the surface. There were war vessels above them, salvage tugs, submarine tenders, pontoons, and planes. Much work was being attempted, and nothing accomplished.

The second day, they asked, 'How long will you be?'

The third day, they implored, 'Please hurry! Is there any hope?'

The fourth day, there were no signals — only faint sounds.

That evening there was silence. A month later the bodies were recovered, and a column of naval craft, escorting the S-4, steamed up Boston Harbor like a funeral procession. It was strangely white that day. Great snowflakes fell slowly, and the bay was filled with white gulls. People said they had never seen so many gulls before.

The white gulls, by the way, are the young ones, and the gray ones are their grandparents. Black-backed gulls are called ministers. At Provincetown there are dear little sandpipers, and plovers, and yellowlegs. Clap your hands, when you walk along the beach, to send them flying. It does not really frighten them, and they will be back in a minute. To know how beautiful birds are, you must watch them flying.

Edwin Arlington Robinson watched them for years,
and then he wrote *Tristram*. Isolt was by the sea,
and Tristram was dead. There were

... white birds everywhere, flying, and flying;
Alone, with her white face and her gray eyes,
She watched them there till even her thoughts were white,
And there was nothing alive but white birds flying,
Flying, and always flying, and still flying,
And the white sunlight flashing on the sea.

CHAPTER TEN

THIS AND THAT

FROM Provincetown we must retrace our way twenty-six miles to Orleans, where we swing left on Route 28. From Chatham our journey will follow the south shore of the Cape along Nantucket Sound through Hyannis to Woods Hole on Vineyard Sound, through Falmouth on Buzzard's Bay, and back to the Canal.

Chatham is thirty-four miles from Provincetown, and the first thing you see when you reach town is the Congregational Church—unless the route is changed before you read this, in which case you must ask directions and go first to the church, because Chatham's leading citizens are waiting in the vestibule to greet you. You can stare all you want, and speculate about who's who, and nobody will care because the citizens are not in the flesh, but in an astounding mural.

You probably have heard of Alice Stallknecht Wight, who paints her Cape Cod neighbors into Biblical subjects and presents them to the church. Mrs. Wight gets her extraordinary portraits into newspaper headlines, and the church makes quite a lot of money. There is no charge to see the pictures, but visitors make contributions.

In 1932, Mrs. Wight painted a fisherman, smooth-shaven and sad, and called him 'Christ Preaching to the Multitude.' The 'multitude' was fifty-one parish-

ioners, dressed in their best and listening attentively. The painting was a sensation, and three years afterward Mrs. Wight made another, and called it 'The Last Supper.' The scene is a New England church supper of baked beans and brown bread. At the long table all plates are turned down, while Christ at a little center table asks a blessing. On Christ's right (facing the painting) sits Mrs. Sidney Atwood, president of Chatham's Church Association, with Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Buck (oysters). On His left is Mrs. George Eldredge, vice-president of the Association. Below Christ are Chatham's oldest inhabitant, ninety-four-year-old Captain Sam Harding, and the town physician, with his arms folded. Behind the Doctor are three Coast Guard captains, and the handsome gentleman in the lower left hand corner is Captain Oscar Nickerson, who sailed a clipper ship out of Boston, and threw mud, when he was young, on a girl in Surinam.

The sailors were loading with logwood and mahogany when native girls, distractingly naked, came to watch. Young Nickerson, sated and sick of nut-brown maids, was second mate, and in charge of the crew. He told the girls to go away, and threw a little mud to show he meant it. The buxom belles fled, and one of them went home and told her father, who was the chief of the village. The chief called his henchmen and sent them to the wharf to seize the mud-slinger and toss him into a native *calabozo*. And there young Nickerson languished for three days and two nights

while the chief's daughter and her girl friends made faces through the palings.

You see the couple facing each other? Well, he had scarlet fever when he was a little boy, and has been deaf and dumb ever since. The lady with him is his wife, and she is telling him what Christ is saying. The girl with the beans is a school teacher, and the young man with the coffee pot is a Coast Guardsman.

If you want to identify any of the others, I think the lady downstairs will help you. And when you are ready to leave, we will visit the old Atwood house. Go down the main street toward the center, and take Cross Street, opposite the tablet to Chatham's Pioneers. When you come to a three-way intersection, bear left — and in a moment you will be at the oldest house in town.

But first you might like to stop at the Tablet. William Nickerson came from Norwich, England, in 1637, with five sons and three sons-in-law, and during the next fifty years the Nickerson tribe bought from the Indians the greater part of the present township. It was called Monomoyick then, and the story is that William bartered a boat for four thousand acres, and a lovely red coat for some more.

The Nickersons increased and multiplied until now — in the tenth generation — they are in every town on the Cape, distinguished gentlemen and leading citizens. Many of them are dark and handsome with high cheek-bones, because one young Nickerson married an Indian girl. The girl's mother was captured

during King Philip's War, and died when her baby was born. The Nickersons took the little papoose and brought her up. When she was grown, she was so lovely they didn't mind at all when their son said he wanted to marry her—and that is why there are so many extra good-looking Nickersons.

On the way to the Atwood house, watch on the left for the white barn that says HORATIO HALL in great big letters. It is an ancient custom on Cape Cod to place the name of an old boat on the front of a barn. The *Horatio Hall* was a steam vessel, but some of the loveliest clippers ended the same way—their beautiful names on old barns, their figureheads over the doors. Of the great ships that sailed so proudly, that fought typhoons and knew the doldrums, the monsoons, and the roaring forties, there is nothing left but names on barn doors. Once I saw the name of the *Magdalena*, and I thought she must have been a ship of great beauty and a strange doom. And I have seen the *Wanderer*—a black name on a gray board—on an old red barn.

Captain Joseph Atwood, who built the old house we are going to see, was master of three tall-masted ships—the *Isle Sables Galley*, the *Falmouth*, and the *Judith*. In 1752, home from Honduras, the Captain built his house. It was put together by neighbors who were farmers or fishermen two thirds of the year, and carpenters only occasionally. They built with sturdy beams and planks. The nails and latches and hinges were wrought by hand, and the shingles were hand-

shaved. They built a gambrel roof, and placed pilasters with spear-heads on either side of the front door. There is no better example of Colonial architecture on the Cape than this little house. Scattered about it, as time went on, were the homes of the Captain's children, and it pleased the old man to say that he could stand in his doorway and call all his children home.

The rooms of houses of this period were often wider at one end than the other. Window glass rattled in the little panes, and floors were uneven. Stairs were like companionways, and housekeeping was difficult. The charm of years has softened and mellowed many things, but I think I know how Marjorie Smith felt when John Atwood brought her here, a bride, in 1833. He had promised her a new house, and Marjorie thought it would be a modern mansion. When he took her to his grandfather's house, and the poor girl protested, John said:

'Margy, that was only courtin' talk. Take off your bonnet, my girl, and make yourself to home.'

Marjorie's picture hangs over the sink in the kitchen ell where she slaved her life away. She looks weary and old, but she seems sweet and kind, and she makes me think of a verse that Carol Wight wrote called *A Marriage of Convenience*. Mr. Wight is a professor of Greek, and the husband of the lady who did the murals in the church.

There have always been marriages of convenience on Cape Cod. They happened a hundred years ago,

and they still happen. This one is about a very understanding lady:

Winston was old, some eighty odd,
And housework and job were at strife,
Till weary he said to himself, 'Please God,
I'll take me another wife.'

We called on the bride who was seventy-eight
And neat and sweet and dear,
And the house was just immaculate,
But Winston didn't appear.

'He's up in the bedroom,' she said, 'poor lad,
He'll be down when his tears are run;
I let him alone when he's feeling bad;
He's crying for number one.'

Look in the parlor at the hair wreath of Rebecca Atkins and her eleven children, and don't miss the tailor's wreath beside it. The mattress in the little room off the front room is made of corn husks. The boys had corn-husk mattresses, and mother and the girls had feather beds.

Upstairs is the bride's bedroom. That beautiful bed was bought at an auction thirty years ago for seventy-five cents, and fixed up and sold again for \$2.25. The feather and tassel wallpaper is quite nice, but the bride's nightgown is simply appalling.

Downstairs is a lovely circular cupboard with a big punchbowl in it. The lady who is curator here says that the captains took articles to China to be painted — pictures and punchbowls, and all manner of things. The Chinese were copyists, who could copy almost anything. Mrs. Elkanah Crowell, who went to sea on

the *Fair Wind*, once ordered shirts for her husband in Hongkong, leaving an old one with the tailor as a sample for size. In the shirt was a large patch, right in the middle of the front. And when the tailor delivered the new ones there was an identical patch in every one.

Speaking of shirts, some Cape Cod captains were the *cleanest* men. Captain Zenas Marston, of Hyannisport, wore a clean shirt and shaved every day he was at sea. When he went on a long voyage, he took over three hundred shirts with him—and every one of them had been made by his wife. Captain Sumner Pierce, of Barnstable, came home one June with seven hundred shirts to be laundered. They were ‘boiled shirts,’ too. It was cheaper, the captains said, to buy new ones than to get soiled shirts washed. The women washed in wooden tubs and heated their irons on cook stoves, and it took Mrs. Pierce all summer to get Sumner’s shirts out of the way.

In the Atwood kitchen is a model of the old salt works. Chatham’s shores were lined with salt works a hundred years ago, and this will give you an idea of how they operated. Salt-making seemed dull to me and unlovely, until I read a poem by Mr. Joshua Crowell, of West Yarmouth, and now I know there was beauty and poetry in it. Mr. Crowell says wild strawberries grow larger and sweeter on the sites of salt cities, and Cape children know that this is true:

Here were the salt works—
Cities of salt houses,

Raising on stilts
The woolly-fibred wood vats
With quaint pivoted roofs,
Gaping to sunshine
Blue pools of ocean,
That slowly, in beauty,
Whitened to crystal!
Cradles of diamonds,
To acres of crystal,
Opal and sparkling,
Amber and flamestone!

There is one more thing you must see, and then we will go to the Lighthouse. In one of the front rooms is a painting by William Mack, who was drowned at sea with all his crew and all but one of the Coast Guardsmen who went to their rescue. Mack was twenty-nine when he was drowned, and it was strange that shortly before he went on that fatal trip, he should paint a storm-tossed ship. When his mother came to visit this house, she saw the sofa in this room, and she said she had a chair at home that matched it, and she would give her chair to the house. When she came again and saw the chair and sofa side by side, she said that her boy had sat on the chair when he painted, and she had sat on a sofa, handing him his brushes. The room, she said, reminded her of their room at home, and she would like to give her boy's painting to hang on the wall.

If we go from here to the Mack Monument, I think the story will mean more to you.

Young Mack was stranded with his crew of four on

the *Wadena* off Monomoy. In a heavy rain and high wind the surf boat from the Monomoy Point Station went out and took off the five men. As the start was made for shore, a great wave broke over the boat and the rescued men, panic-stricken, threw their arms about the surfmen. The lifeboat swung broadside to the breakers, filled, and capsized. Thirteen men clung to the overturned boat as long as their strength lasted, and twelve were washed away. The sole survivor was picked up by a dory and afterward became captain of the Coast Guard Station. The Mack family erected the monument in memory of their son and those who perished with him.

The scene from Lighthouse Bluff is beautiful and historic. Here is the graveyard of more ships than any other spot on the coast of North America. Here are the shoals of Pollock Rip which turned the *Mayflower* back.

At this point, I feel I should do something rather elegant for you in the way of descriptive narrative. There should be a throbbing pen picture of the poor Pilgrims, disheartened and discouraged. Some winged words about the view. Pulsating paragraphs of history and legend. I should tuck in some instructive material ... refer offhand to Champlain's Monument (it's up the street a way). But aren't you awfully sick of history? Don't you want to just look at the ocean?— and go to Chatham Bars Inn for luncheon — and sit on the terrace — and look at the ocean some more?

Or drive to Monomoy if you like. You can't take

your own car, for you will have to hire one with big funny tires for safe sand traction. Or go ahead and walk. It will take you two days, and you can spend the night with the Coast Guard, or the gulls—which ever you prefer. Personally, I'd hire a car and make the round trip—twenty miles—in two hours. Not that I have anything against the Coast Guard—I just like those Monomoy busses.

It is a lovely blue world from the mainland to the Point, through drifting sands and beach grass, past wrecks and the gray shacks of Halfway House, through banks of sea lavender, and pink sand flowers. There are terns and yellowlegs, butterbills and coots, gray gulls and white gulls, sandpipers and hawks. And at the Point there are lobster and quahaug shacks, and men catching bluefish and eels. There are broken-down cars, and wrecks from the sea. And off the strand are four lightships—Pollock Rip, Stone Horse, Shovelful, and Handkerchief. This is a very dreadful place you are on now—Cape Cod Canal was built especially to save ships from foundering on it. When Champlain was here he christened it the Bad Bars.

Champlain came to America in 1604 and explored the New England coast and the Saint Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, after which he returned to Paris to marry twelve-year-old Hélène Boullé. He laid the foundations of Quebec in 1608, and brought Hélène to Canada the same year the Pilgrims came to America. At Stage Harbor he had a skirmish with the Indians, and that is why he colonized Quebec instead of Chat-

ham. Stage Harbor is pretty and pictorial — and it is only a few minutes from the Light.

Until 1923 there were twin lights on the Bluff, and they seemed more romantic than the single tower that is here now:

Over the world where'r I fare
Sea-roving up and down,
Forever in my heart I bear
The Lights o' Chatham Town.

But government engineers decided twins were an extravagance, and moved one to Nauset.

When the original twins were built—in 1808—they stood in a daisy field, with farmland all around them. Where the daisies used to grow is now about eight hundred feet out at sea, and the way the ocean keeps creeping up, *some day* there won't be any land at all.

You should come to the Bluff one night in the dark of the moon, and watch the ribbons of light play across the sand and sea. And if it is quite dark, you can picture the old mooncusser on Monomoy driving his white horse up and down the beach.

Mooncussers were men who 'cussed' the moon because it interfered with business. In England, long ago, they were known as Moon Cursors. Under pretense of lighting travelers across Lincoln's Inn Fields, they brought innocent wayfarers, under cover of darkness, to confederates who robbed them and shared the spoils.

There were mooncussers in Carolina who lured mariners on the shoals of Hatteras, and looted their

boats when they were dashed on the rocks. They swung lanterns in the darkness, and captains, mistaking them for ships on the sea, sailed straight on the rocks. Now I don't believe there was ever a mooncusser on Cape Cod—but some people say there was an old devil who lived on Monomoy and had a wicked white mare.

The mare had belonged to a clergyman, and she had eaten so much cemetery grass that she got to be a fey horse. She knew ghosts and devils, and she had two red eyes and a tail on which her master swung his wicked light. On dark nights he would put one lantern in her mane and tie another to her tail, and all night she would trudge through the sands, in pelting rain or driving snow, her old body swaying and pitching like a ship on the waves. Many vessels came ashore when they saw the lights she swung—and when they grounded on the bars, the mare neighed joyously and was as pleased as her wicked master.

Before you leave Monomoy, you should know the story of the ship *George and Ann* that sailed from Dublin in the spring of 1729. For six months head winds held her back. An epidemic broke out. Food ran short. A hundred persons died, and forty-two of them were little children. Finally, in October, the *George and Ann* was seen off Chatham, flying signals of distress. A packet put out and piloted her around Monomoy. At Wreck Cove ninety survivors came ashore, and were cared for by the villagers. In the spring, these Irish emigrants settled in Ulster County, New York,

and among them was Charles Clinton who founded the famous Clinton family in America. There was one son who became a distinguished general in the Revolutionary War, another who was Governor of New York for eighteen years, and Vice-President of the United States. A grandson — DeWitt Clinton — built the Erie Canal — and now there are DeWitt Clintons again on the Cape. If you stopped at Cap'n Grey's in Barnstable, as I told you to, they were your host and hostess.

Now, before we go to the cemetery (you didn't think I'd forgotten the cemetery!), I want to tell you an eel story. It is Dean Tarbell's story, really. From his house, Mr. Tarbell can see the eel man who goes to South Chatham Bay twice a day to set and haul his traps. Eels are caught in cages like rat traps, and sent to New York where people appreciate a good eel stew. East Side cooks cut them up tiny and fry them — and they are good that way, too. Well, Dean Tarbell got curious about eels, and investigated their family life. And the things he learned are perfectly amazing!

It seems that an eel doesn't have any love life until he is seven years old — and then it kills him. There is a place between Bermuda and Cuba, where the ocean is a mile deep, that is a trysting place for seven-year-old eels. From all over Europe and America, Atlantic Ocean eels arrive off the coral reefs in January. The water is lovely and cool, and blue as sapphire, and the eels swim around for a while, admiring the view and one another. And when they have reproduced just once, they die.

A few months later, the ocean is filled with millions of transparent ribbons about three inches long, which are the children of the dead eels. In a year or so, the young eels are large enough to go home. And then the most astonishing thing occurs.

The European eels strike out for the long swim across the Atlantic, while the American eels start up toward Florida. On arrival in the waters where their deceased parents lived, the children disport themselves for five or six years. They sleep all day, and forage at night, and in the winter they hibernate where the mud is soft and warm. Then one fine day they hear the Eel Love Call—and away they go, to do and die for posterity.

There is a fine golf club in Chatham—the Eastward Ho!—and it has everything Saint Andrews has—sand, turf, wind, and view. There are windmills in Chatham, and little ‘half houses,’ and some beautiful big houses where retired sea captains live. And Mr. Whiting, who makes the lovely Whiting and Davis meshbags, has a beautiful place that is famous for its rambler roses. In front of Chatham Bars Inn (and the view from the terrace is simply magnificent) there is a bird island, which the Government maintains especially for terns.

Terns are the smallest and prettiest of gulls. They have long deeply forked tails and beautifully pointed wings, and they are very white and clean-looking, with shining black heads. To make their nests, they scoop the sand with little flying feet, and the females lay

beach-colored eggs, and if you touch them you will be arrested. The terns know this, and are pretty rude to visitors.

There are a number of private cottages looking seaward on Bayberry Bluff, and if you hate fussing with servants and meals, this is a grand place to spend the summer. The cottages are connected with the Inn, and there is a beach (with a swimming pool for children), tennis courts, and opportunity to sail in a landlocked harbor.

Chatham is a place where scallops come from—Chatham and a lot of other places. Nathaniel Eldredge, a sea farmer, cooked scallops every way he could think of, and they were never anything but tough and horny. Mr. Eldredge tried cooking them whole, and in parts—and finally he took what is called the middle ‘eye,’ which is the muscle that opens and shuts the shell—and he cooked it all by itself. First, he stewed a mess. Then he fried a few. And they tasted so good that he sent a peck to the Quincy House in Boston, where the management specialized in sea foods. Mr. Eldredge thought the eyes were best fried, so the chef dipped them in corn meal and dropped them in deep fat, and they turned out much better than fried in the regular way. He cut up pickles and mixed them with mayonnaise, and called it Tartar Sauce, and the next day ‘Fried Cape Scallops’ made their appearance on the menu.

It may be effete, but I prefer mine cooked with cream and mushrooms. Take a pint of scallops and

half a pound of button mushrooms, and put them in a casserole with a jar of heavy cream. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with paprika. Bake until sizzling, drown in butter. And eat at once.

And now that we have talked about everything else, there is still the burying ground.

On the way to Harwich, half a mile from the Congregational Church, is a nameless dirt road, and from the street you can see the burying ground on the knoll of a tiny hill. This was the first cemetery in town, and in it is the saga of the Eldredge family. Robert Eldredge was a son-in-law of William Nickerson, and all these Eldredges were descended from Robert. In the beginning they took up farming, but in the third generation they took to the ocean, and many of these stones are in memory of boys who died at sea. Smith Eldredge died when he was twenty-four, and his wife asked the minister to write a suitable poem:

Husband, I cannot feel that thou art gone,
That dust to dust is mouldering back,
That I no more shall meet thy smile
Upon life's busy toilsome track.
Ah! My heart no more will gladden
At those angell strains of thine,
Vacant is thy place, and lonely
Is this stricken heart of mine.
Oft the tender glance reminding me
Of those eyes now closed in death,
Glowing once with warm emotion,
Resting now the waves beneath.
Alas! Alas! And can it be
That I no more thy form shall see?

Celestia, wife of Reuben Eldredge, died on his passage from Zanzibar to New York, and was buried in Mozambique Channel. The next year Reuben died, on board his barque the *George Kingman*, on a passage from Messina. And here are their white stones, side by side.

'M. E. Nickerson' may have been a poet, or she may have been Alfred Harding's fiancée, because when Alfred died at twenty-two, 'M. E. Nickerson' wrote a love verse for Alfred's tombstone, and signed it boldly:

No more his sparkling eye
Shall lavish forth its charms,
For cruel death drew nigh,
And tore him from my arms.
How furious was that ray of death
That chill'd his blood and stopped his breath!
And filled my heart with poignant grief.

M. E. NICKERSON

And the stone-cutter added piously:

How sudden the transition of this mortal life,
One hour in health, the next among the Dead.

A little farther down the road is another burying ground, and on the stones are some lovely names. Joseph Lincoln says that he has been accused of inventing incredible names for his Cape Cod characters, but you can find them all in Chatham's burying grounds, and many more besides. Zebedee and Zipporah were names of twins. In the cemetery in Cotuit are Tryphosa and Tryphena — little sisters.

The men's names seem stern—Obadiah and Jabez, Azubah and Simeon, Jonah, Levi and Isaiah, Ephraim, Moses, and Solomon.

But the women's names were sweet and gentle. There were Sally and Betsy and Judy, Polly and Dorcas and Debby, Margery and Dinah and Roxana, Bethia and Rodah, Patience and Thankful, and Mercy and Love.

These sunny hillside burial grounds are such peaceful spots that I hope you will come to love them. I have heard that somewhere in Barnstable there is a tomb with a quotation from Ovid, in proper Latin—something to the effect that no man should be called happy before his death and final funeral rites—which is one way of looking at it. But the loveliest epitaph, I think—and the simplest—is the one Lord Byron found in a Roman cemetery: 'Implora eterna pace.'

CHAPTER ELEVEN

ON THE SMART SIDE

IF YOU think I talk too much about burying grounds, skip this page and the next, and get over to Jonathan Walker. Jonathan was a South Harwich man, who had his hand branded for harboring runaway slaves, and his story is extremely interesting.

But there is a burying ground in Harwich that must be a pleasant place to be when one is dead. And in it is a cradle on a tombstone like nothing you have ever seen before.

When Baby Benjamin Smith died, his grieving parents bought a gravestone, and the stonecutter carved on it 'The Parents Love Lies Buried Here.' Then he copied Benjamin's little empty cradle, and though it was done a hundred years ago, it is still pretty sad.

Philip Selew was schoolmaster of Harwich for fifty years, and now he sleeps beneath the pines in a bachelor's grave, with a horrid skeleton on his tomb. Nearby, on the grave of Ephraim Covell, is another grinning death's head. Mr. Covell's stone was paid for by his grandson, Thomas Burgess, who advertised his generosity in sizeable letters.

Clustered about the pious head of the Reverend Jonathan Mills are comforting cherubim. And Mr. Mills makes a personal appearance in stock and wig, eyeglasses and wings.

In North Harwich there is another cemetery — not

so highly recommended, though there is a nice verse on Francenith Cole's grave. Francenith was nineteen and a bride:

Dear Husband, weep no more for me,
I've passed Death's solemn scene,
And now my Savior's face I see,
And not a cloud between.
If that fond voice you could but hear,
How soon your grief would cease.
Dear Husband, do not shed a tear.

Then there is Anthony Kelley, who seems to have tempted the tide, for he was 'drowned on the Flatts.'

Harwich cemeteries are filled with Burgesses, who are ancestors of Thornton Burgess who told the first bedtime stories. The Burgesses had beautiful names — Ichabod and Theophilus and Azubah, Barzillai, Adoniram, Zaccheus. I suppose Thornton's mother took to reading novels, and named him for somebody out of a book.

And now I will tell you about Captain Jonathan Walker, who was branded with hot irons, weighted down with twenty pounds of stone, and kept in prison for eleven months. Captain Walker was at Pensacola in Florida when seven fugitive slaves begged passage on his vessel to the British West Indies. Slavery, as you probably know, was abolished in the British islands before our Civil War. There had been a terrific massacre of whites in Saint John, and terrorized plantation owners had liberated their slaves and signed a proclamation of freedom.

Captain Walker took the fugitives aboard, and was

rounding the Florida Keys when he became ill. Hoping for assistance from a schooner lying at Indian Key, he hove alongside. But the schooner was captained by a man who loved money and hated 'niggers,' and he had heard there were runaway slaves aboard the Yankee boat. He went aboard, and found them hiding between decks, and had the poor creatures put in irons and thrown into the hold of his schooner. Then he had Captain Walker manacled, and turned him over to the authorities. Then, when he surrendered his captives — one white man and seven blacks — the mean old captain collected a thousand dollars.

Walker went around the country after his imprisonment, exhibiting his branded hand. It said 'S. S.' on it, in deep letters, which stood for 'slave stealer,' and was a good thing — in the end — for the slaves, because Captain Walker was so angry at the way he had been treated by the slave-owning judge who ordered his torture, that he became an Abolitionist, and traveled for the anti-slavery cause, giving lectures and taking up collections.

Speaking of captains — there is a fine old man in Harwichport named George Nickerson, who captained a great ship and loves to remember the good old days. The Captain is clerk now at Melrose Inn. You might go there for dinner and to meet him, because there are so few of the clipper captains left that you should know them when you can. The Melrose is a particularly nice place, too.

One of the prettiest places along the South Shore is

Wychmere Harbor in Harwichport. A long time ago the harbor was a little fresh-water pond, with a speed-way around it. The deep-sea captains brought horses home from abroad and introduced racing to Cape Cod. They built a track around the pond, and a sporting men's hotel. It didn't, somehow, seem right. The Ladies' Aid frowned on such goings-on. And the parsons thundered. At Millennium Grove the faithful had a revival, and one hundred and fifty ministers told five thousand persons that horse-racing was the Devil's doings.

The captains sat on the piazza of their sporting men's hotel, smoked their pipes, and drank a little mite. They didn't relish being run by their wimmin folk and a parcel of preachers. They watched their fillies run, and bet like proper gamblers — while all the time Methodism at Millennium Grove went on apace.

By and by the hotel burned down. The parsons had won. The race track went to grass, and the Ladies' Aid rejoiced. Finally, the pond was drained, a channel was cut to the ocean, and a jetty built. It was better business, people said, to land fish than to race horses.

Swimming here is warm and lovely. If you look at the map you will see how Monomoy holds the cold waters of the Atlantic from Nantucket Sound. The ocean is always cold, while the waters on the Sound are almost tropical. I am afraid I haven't talked enough about Cape Cod beaches — I must have taken it for granted that everyone knows about them. There are three hundred and sixty-five miles of beaches on

the Cape, and some are big and grand. Every village has a beach of its own, and some have several. There is sailing and fishing everywhere. There is golf, and there are horses. If 'you ride to the hounds, Sah,' you should go around to the Old Mill Point Club in West Harwich, and find yourself a hunt. If it is antiques you hunt, Harwich is filled with them. There is some beautiful painted furniture in town, and there are a number of excellent collections of braided and hooked rugs. Now I sound like a salesman.

What I really want to tell you about is the lily pond on the road between East Harwich and Brewster (Route 137). Somewhere on the Cape I have seen pink water lilies growing—I think it was in Sandwich, but I am not sure. The lilies in Harwich are white and creamy, and there are hundreds and *hundreds* of them. Harwich roads wind their way inland in enchanting fashion, and many nice surprises lie off the tarred roads. (If I keep on telling you this, maybe you will believe me.)

If you like tourists' camps, there is quite a superior one in West Dennis. Driving from Harwich, you go through Dennisport to West Dennis (the other Dennis, you remember, are on the North Shore). In West Dennis is Toy Village, a group of diminutive houses under the pines. The Village is on the Highway, but set a little back from the road, and people who enjoy living this way like it immensely.

From West Dennis our road lies through South Yarmouth, where there is a Quaker Meeting House. There was a time when South Yarmouth was known

as Friends' Village, because everybody who lived here was a Quaker.

The first Quakers came to the Cape to escape persecution in Boston. While Bostonians were boring the Friends' tongues and cutting off their ears, Cape Codders took them in and made them 'right to home.' Oh, there were laws, but nobody except George Barlow and Judge Hinckley paid much attention to them. The law said:

If any entertain a Quaker — if but for ten minutes — he must pay a fine of five pounds. If any see a Quaker, he is bound — though he live ten miles from a constable — to give notice. Then the Constable must tell him to depart. If he goes not at once, he shall be whipped and sent away.

George Barlow was constable in Sandwich, and he was a drunken and disreputable man. He took the Friends' money, their food, their livestock, and their furniture. He dragged them before Judge Hinckley, who ordered them whipped, whereupon the cruel Barlow produced 'a new tormenting whip, with three cords and knots at the ends.' He had made it himself, he explained, especially for Quakers. Like the pious Puritans, Constable Barlow was prepared at any minute to torture a heretic. It is with considerable satisfaction we learned that liquor finally got the best of Constable Barlow, and he ended in the gutter.

But for the most part, Cape people treated the Quakers well, and permitted them to build meeting houses and worship after their fashion. And some of them became sea captains and whalers (you remember Ahab in *Moby Dick*, and Bildad and Peleg).

The meeting house in South Yarmouth is maintained by an endowment. The little church is kept white and tidy, and the grass in the cemetery closely clipped. But the last of the Quakers has gone.

And now on Route 28 there is another cemetery. It is only three miles from Hyannis, and perhaps you would rather go to Hyannis first, and visit the cemetery later. But you should see the modernistic angels on the stones of Jabez Lewis and his daughter Keziah.

Keziah died in 1801, and there is a sweet angel on her tomb, with wings as soft and feathery as a snow-storm. Keziah's grandmother sleeps nearby, guarded by an extremely stern angel, and Little Brother has a cherub that looks like a comic valentine. But the stone-cutter who carved for Keziah and her father did lovely work. He did an angel for Abner Crowell, too, and in the cemetery there are other examples of his work. George T. Hope of Boston, signed his work, but the early nineteenth-century stone-cutter who did the exquisite angels never signed a thing.

There are more Burgesses here but this branch of the family did not use the final s. When Captain Samuel died in Lisbon on his thirtieth birthday, his wife ordered a stone and composed the verse herself,

This is erected for my friend,
A loving husband he has ben,
But with a sore Disease did die.
On a Distant Shore his body lies,
But although he from home did die
He in my mind yet still will lie.;

WRITTEN BY HIS CONSORT LYDIA BURGESS

You probably have noticed how names are repeated on the Cape. To avoid confusion, women commonly take the first names of their husbands. Three Crowell boys, for instance, are married to women named Betsy. There is Betsy Abner, Abner's wife; Betsy Hiram, Hiram's wife; and Betsy William, William's wife. Mary Hallett is a common name, so there is Mary Sam, who is married to Sam Hallett; Mary Edwin, wife of Edwin Hallett; Mary George, Mary Oscar, Mary Joshua, and Mary Joe—all married to Halletts.

From the cemetery in West Yarmouth it is no distance at all to Hyannis. Hyannis is the metropolis of the Cape, its Rue de la Paix and Broadway. Beauty parlors and specialty shops, antiques and importations, emeralds, toys, and cocktails—all are on the Queen's Buyway.

There is almost everything in Hyannis. A Stock Exchange and a Five-and-Ten. Salons and chain stores. Whole houses filled with toys, and a cottage where they make pearls from fish scales. If you fancy herring for jewelry, there are fish-scale pearls rich and creamy as the ones that mollusks make. The scales are scraped from millions of fish, the impurities eliminated, and the paste mixed with lacquer. The base of any synthetic pearl is a glass bead. The bead is dipped into the fish-scale solution twenty times, and baked after each dipping. In Europe, artificial pearls are made from the scales of the bleak, a fish that swims in the Baltic Sea. The Hyannis product was thought up by Benjamin Baxter, who experimented with alewives

and called it *essence d'Orient*. Girls who wear synthetic pearls may have six herring around their necks. But it would take an expert to prove it.

Near the Pearl Cottage is the Library—a small gray house with green blinds and a garden reading-room. I may be prejudiced, because Mrs. Hinckley, who is the librarian, has been a source of inspiration and help in the preparation of this book—but I think it is the nicest library I ever saw. It is so friendly that one feels the companionship of books in the intimacy of every little room. The shelves are open, and the books within reach. There are comfortable chairs, and long tables with flowers and magazines on them. And it is almost as though it were your own little house—it is so comfortable and sweet.

Upstairs—and you go up by stairs so steep you must hold a rope on either side—are two small rooms. One of them was the bedroom of an old clipper captain, and in it are sea chests filled with charts. In the other is a tremendous collection of shells. And on the wall is a photograph of Doctor Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, who made the first Castoria. Do you remember the advertisements? ‘Children Cry For It,’ they said. It was made, I think, largely from sassafras, which grew on the Cape. Old-time pharmacists used to pay forty dollars a pound for sassafras. Doctor Pitcher sold his formula to a New York firm, and the earnings were once as much as a thousand dollars a day.

Hyannis is a comforting place because there is nothing in it you *have* to do. Nothing historic, I mean, or

educational, or 'good for the children.' You can leave them in the lovely Nuremberg-looking place with the hobby-horse and the stuffed animals, and go and have a cocktail, and be as frivolous as you please.

There is all the difference in the world between the North Shore—five miles away—and the South Shore, where we are now. Over there are sleepy harbors and solemn courthouses, ancient trees and melowered villages. Here things are newer, and life is gayer and more fashionable. 'The Cape Codder'—the week-end Pullman from New York—pulls in on Saturday morning, and out on Sunday night. There is an airport here. Yacht clubs are exclusive. Golf clubs, smart. And the ladies of the beach clubs set the dizzy styles.

Not that Hyannis was born yesterday. There is a burying ground on South Street (parallel with the Queen's Buyway) where there are many ancient stones. Hallett is one of the oldest names on the Cape, and the cemetery is filled with Halletts, young and old. During Revolutionary days the patriarch of the family died of smallpox, and Rowland, a grandson, of 'Ye Same Pox.' On Rowland's tomb we read:

My friends, behold what Death has done,
It's slain the aged and the young,
Prepare to live, prepare to die,
Prepare for long Eternity.

When Prince Bearse died the careless stone-cutter, I notice, called him Mr. Bears. Oh, that reminds me of some later Bearses—Captain Richard and his wife,

Bethia. Bethia was a Baxter, and it was a descendant of hers who discovered how to make pearls out of fish scales. The Bearses built the first house in town with a bathroom, and folks went to call just to see the tub. It was a tin tub set in mahogany from San Domingo. Bathtubs had made their appearance in Washington in 1840, but the medical profession, having discovered that cockroaches live in dirty water and die in fresh, denounced the new-fangled contraptions as menaces, and the Bearses flew, as you might say, in the face of Providence.

Their home was at the corner of South Street and Lewis Bay Road, and the Bearses were so rich they had two pianos. When Mrs. Bearse went to sea with her husband, she took one of them along, and Sunday nights they sang hymns in the cabin.

Mrs. Bearse went to China with the Captain, and 'up country' shortly after it was opened to foreigners. Everywhere she went she was surrounded by Chinese, many of whom threw themselves on the ground and crawled excitedly about her, making dreadful sounds. They had never, they said, seen such big feet on a woman before.

The Bearse place is still in the family, and the descendants are renting rooms. The architecture of the house is interesting. You can see how they followed the general style of the original 'half house.' Columns superseded the pilasters and a porch blossomed forth. Rooms were higher and bigger, and windows more expansive. The ell took on style. There was an attic, and

a privet hedge. As life broadened, so houses changed.

There was another captain in town, Captain Joseph Parker, whose wife also went to sea. From Spain, Mrs. Parker brought home a little dark-eyed girl whom Hyannis people still remember. Teresa, she was called — Teresa Cahoon, because she married a Cahoon. Cahoon was a colored man, and one of Teresa's granddaughters married a colored man named Washington. And now there are Washingtons in Hyannis, with straight black hair and lashes as long as Spanish Teresa's.

Teresa boarded the ship at the wharf in Malaga to sell grapes. While she was on board, the ship sailed away. And her grandchildren say that to her dying day — and she lived to be ninety-nine — Teresa cried for her mother and her native land.

There are hotels in Hyannis with dining-rooms and terraces overlooking the summer panorama of Main Street. There are many inns, and a hundred houses with rooms to rent. Living in Hyannis is reasonable enough. In the Port, two miles away, it is costlier and more elegant.

Drive along Sea Street, past the old pier and the sailboats, to the harbor in Hyannisport where the splendid views and the beautiful houses are. Then take Iyanough Avenue down to the jetty.

Iyanough was an Indian 'not exceeding twenty-six years of age, personable, gentle, courteous and fair' — also 'well-conditioned, noble and generous' — and 'not like a savage excepting in his attire.' Iyanough

was pretty good to the Pilgrims, and after he died they mispronounced Hyannis after his name.

At the jetty you can hire a boat and a skipper and go sharking. Or you can take a motor boat to Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard, across the Sound. Around the corner is the Gables, a very good place to stay.

Ask someone the way to Saint Andrews-by-the-Sea (the directions are a bit involved, but anyone will point it out to you), and go there for the view. The elevated parking space is in front of the golf club. Here the course begins at the sea and rambles inland in enchanting fashion. On the way to Craigville you will see it running green and fair along the highway. The reason I don't rave about golf courses is that I don't like golf, but I understand that they bring many people to the Cape. There is a beautiful and amazing little course in Truro, and there are sixteen on the Cape—some superlatively good.

Craigville Beach in Craigville is across the street from Centerville. The *villes* around here are considerably confusing. There is Osterville, which is Wianno in the summer-time. And out of Osterville is Oyster Harbors, which is an island and no end smart. Only it isn't really an island, because it is connected with the mainland by a broad highway. Craigville has one of the most famous beaches in the world. And Long Beach, which is a continuation of Craigville, is just as good, but nobody ever heard of it.

Unless you know the Cape well, you will find the South Shore bewildering. The little villages run to-

gether in perplexing fashion. Routes cross and recross. And many roads lead everywhere. But signposts are thick as Joe-pyeweed. And wherever you are, you are never very far from anywhere.

In West Hyannisport, on the way from Hyannisport to Craigville, is the Garden Cottage, with a flower stall in front, a conservatory in back, a well on one side and a lily and goldfish pond on the other. Dorothy Davis and Alice Wightman decided they preferred growing gardenias to painting pictures, and gave up art for horticulture. They raise corsages and boutonnieres for dinner parties, floral offerings for stars at the Playhouse, and table decorations for hostesses who have to struggle along without a cutting garden. If you hanker for a gardenia, drop in. The flower is the specialty of the house.

In Centerville, half a mile from Craigville Beach, is Ye Olde Cape Codder, a little gray house trimmed with blue, with a sign out front that says it is 'the most charming place on the Cape to dine.' I hate to agree with anything so boastful, but the food is grand. Across the street is a gas station that looks like a Cape Cod cottage—which is a nice way for a gas station to look. And next to the gas station is a place where they have the best ice cream that ever was.

The Indians called Centerville We-quaquett. Imagine changing that lovely-sounding name for an uninspired combination of English and French! Scholars say that We-quaquett may have come from We-ko-ne, meaning '*delightful*' or '*consoling*'; from We-quash, meaning a '*torch*' or '*light*'; or from Wee-

koh-quot, which meant '*fair weather*' — any of which have a more pleasing connotation than Centerville.

If you are weary of tea rooms and sweets, I will tell you of a hotel where you can get some of the best *real meals* on the Cape. It is in the next town of Osterville, and it is a comfortable, homey place called East Bay Lodge, surrounded by evergreen trees and flowers. The food is memorable, and the service excellent.

From Osterville you must drive along Sea View Avenue, past pine woods and the fine homes of an earlier generation. Drive to the very end of Sea View Avenue — and there before you lies Nantucket Sound, all filled with yachts and enchantment. This is Wianno, where the socially minded matrons live. Wianno has an eighteen-hole golf course, a beach club, and excellent tennis courts. It may not be quite so smart as Oyster Harbors, but it is considerably older.

In the late eighteenth century, there was an old lady who lived in Wianno who was famed for her hospitality. In the winter she had skating and sleighing parties, and in the summer she had picnic parties, and she invited all the young people for miles about. They called her Aunt Tempy, and she was beloved for three generations. There is a place now called 'Aunt Tempy's' in Wianno, where food is said to be good, and hospitality lavish. (I haven't been there, but I thought you might like to know about it.)

Oyster Harbors, with its splendid clubhouse, is the most exclusive spot on the Cape. You cannot visit the club unless you know the management or are

introduced by a member. You cannot buy property on the island or rent a house unless you are a Christian with a sizeable bank account. The club is beautiful, the Donald Ross golf course superb, and the beach charming. There are pine trees around it, and the orchestra plays on the sands. There are horses, and guests ride to hounds. Children get special attention — supervised play, spinach, and swimming instruction. There's a bar for mama and papa — and bars on the Cape are scarcer than you would suppose. In some of the best hotels guests can practically choke to death.

If you feel like one more burying ground, let us go back to Centerville. Find Old Mill Road, and go in that way, because that is where the oldest graves are.

You must have seen the sign on the Osterville Road that tells about Henry A. Scudder, and how he was Superior Court Judge and a delegate to the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln. Well, one day I was roaming around the burying ground and I came to the Scudder lot, down near the Old Mill Road. There were six little graves that told the life and loves of Sophronia Scudder.

First, Sophronia had a son named Ansel. Ansel died when he was a year old. Three years later, Baby Isabel died. Then five-year-old Persis. Sophronia wrote the child's epitaph, and you will know how the poor woman felt:

I think it is a world of wo
That little Persis left below
And I'll not weep
That she should early go.

Four years after Persis died, Sophronia buried an infant daughter. And the next year, she buried a baby son.

On the highway swings the sign that tells of Henry's glory, and I thought how lovely it would be if Henry was Sophronia's son, and—after all she went through—grew up and did her proud. (Henry's father was Josiah Scudder, and so was Sophronia's husband, which made me think he might have been Sophronia's little boy.)

Then I found out that Sophronia had a lot more children—another Isabel and a second Persis, girls named Rose and Sarah, a son Freeman; Oliver, who was lost at sea, and Joseph, who died at war. . . . But Henry, I am sorry to say, was only her brother-in-law. Henry was a small boy when Sophronia married Josiah, junior.

When Sophronia, worn out with child-bearing and sorrow, died at last, Josiah, junior, married a girl named Augusta, and had another houseful—and their first daughter they called Sophronia.

Burying grounds are like books. From the beginning to the end, epitaphs tell stories. There was Captain Job Howland, 'pious and loving,' who died on his ship when he was twenty-nine. Four months later, his wife, 'in humble hope of a blessed immortality,' departed this life, leaving their three orphan children to the care of 'misterious Providence.' One of them, John, lived to be seventy, and is buried beside his mother. The old, old man and the girl-mother!

Puella, wife of Captain Enoch Lewis, died when her

husband was at sea, and they carved on her stone the story of her last hours.

Her mind was tranquil and serene.
No terror in her looks was seen.

Captain Benjamin Wright was lost at sea when he was forty-three. His son Benjamin was lost when he was twenty. William fell from aloft on the ship *Orissa* in the Indian Ocean, and died when he was seventeen. But poor old Mrs. Wright lived to be eighty. . . . It is like reading a book backward.

The most beautiful stone I have seen is in this burying ground. It is blue as a spring sky, and marked softly with white, like drifting clouds. The stone is slate, but a most extraordinary slate, and it marks the grave of a girl named Temperance—Temperance Crocker. Temperance was twenty when she had twin sons—Joseph and Benjamin. One of them lived six days, and the other six weeks. On the stone that marked their grave these words were cut:

We from our gracious God was sent,
Unto our parents we was lent,
Unto our God we must return
Don't let our tender parents mourn.

But Temperance did mourn, and in six months she was dead:

With sweet repose she took her flight,
For death had lost its sting.

And now Time has done a lovely thing to the stone that marks her grave.

Have you found the comfort there is in burying

grounds, or aren't you with me any more? Life is so bewildering. We try to understand the natures, the minds, the inner lives, the desires, motives, and confusions of living people. And when they have died, and nothing matters any more, we know how quiet Death is and peaceful, and how much simpler than Life. I'm not being moody—I tell you I *like* graveyards. They are the only certain thing I know.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Lo, THE POOR INDIAN!

ON THE way to Cotuit you drive through Marston's Mills. I think there is nothing particular to see, but you will enjoy the story of Nymphas Marston who ate his meals in a shattered dining-room.

Nymphas was the son of old Benjamin Marston, for whom the town was named. Benjamin received mill privileges in 1738, and became a power in the land. He sent Nymphas to Yale, and when the boy was graduated, he built a great ell on the old house and they entertained in the most lavish fashion.

During the Revolutionary War the Marstons gave a banquet for the soldiers, and the soldiers, in appreciation, fired a salute that shook the house like a leaf, and tumbled down ceilings and shattered the dining-room plaster to bits. Almost anybody else would have been furious, but Nymphas was the perfect host.

'Well done, my lads!' he cried. 'And may you so shatter the ranks of the enemy!'

The Marstons never replastered, but declared they were proud of their crumbling walls.

Cotuit is a darling town, with an old-fashioned grocery store sitting squarely on the sidewalk. The store is painted yellow, and in it are driving whips and garden tools. The grocer's boy draws kerosene and molasses, and the grocer grinds coffee and weighs it on an ancient scale. The post-office is small, and the

houses are big. There is a spreading chestnut tree and many other gracious trees, and there are lilac bushes. And once I saw a lady with a pansy bonnet and a ruffled parasol, and a dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves, walking down the street like a lady in a movie— Cotuit on an August afternoon, with Miss Bessie making calls.

The Indian name for the town was Coatuet, which meant 'Long Fields.' It was always a quiet little town, but prosperous in the old days. There is a sign which says, 'About 1835, a sea captain came from every family in this village.'

Those were the days to be remembered, when the good ships
sailed away,
From the old home port behind us to Calcutta and Bombay;
When we sold the heathen nations rum, and opium in rolls,
And the missionaries went along to save their sinful souls.

There was a missionary brig called the *Morning Star*, which visited the islands where the clippers traded. It was built in East Boston and was sailed by a Yarmouth captain. Sunday School children from all over the world bought stock at ten cents a share, and after the brig was paid for, there was money to buy hymnals and Mother Hubbards.

When the *Morning Star* put in at the Wellington Islands whom should the Captain see but John Higgins, of Brewster, with a native girl upon his arm! Higgins had sailed on the *Albatross* with Captain Winslow Knowles for California. At San Francisco he had shipped for Sidney, to seek gold in Australia. The boat was wrecked and young Higgins was washed ashore on an

island six degrees north of the Equator, where he made love to the chief's daughter, Christianized the girl, and married her!

While deep-sea captains were in distant ports, stay-at-home boys farmed oysters and sent them to Boston to see if city folk would eat them. When Thackeray visited Boston, they were such a novelty that he quailed when he looked at them. But Mr. Thackeray didn't know about vitamins. The Department of Commerce says that oysters are very good for us, that they are full of iodine, and rich in iron, copper, and zinc, that they are excellent for our thyroids, and contain vitamins A, B, C, and D.

Everybody has heard of Cotuit oysters. Cotuit people say that they are the best in the world, and explain that the temperature and the freshness of the Bay give them a flavor that no other oyster could possibly attain. Did you know that oysters are farmed? And that they are planted and harvested in a manner comparable to crops?

Some oyster men raise their own seed and prepare their undersea acres for planting. Others buy young Long Island oysters and bring them to Cotuit Bay to sweeten them. Fresh-water springs, blending with salt, do something nice to oysters, and Cotuit Bay is lined with springs.

One fine fall morning I went oystering with Mr. Henry Robbins, and we had oysters on the shell for breakfast. Sea water makes a superior cocktail sauce, but I suppose you couldn't get away with it at a dinner party.

'Did you know,' said Mr. Robbins, 'that oysters, clams, and lobsters contain two hundred times as much iodine as milk, eggs, or beefsteak?'

'No,' I said, beginning to feel exceedingly antiseptic.

'They lack only starch,' said Mr. Robbins, 'to make a perfect food.'

'Then I can eat all I want, and I shan't get fat?'

But Mr. Robbins wasn't sure. 'They are good for scurvy,' he offered. 'And rickets.'

There is nothing makes an oyster man madder than to mention the popular misconception that oysters are good only in the months with an *r* in them. As a matter of fact (and the Government bears me out in this) oysters are always good, but in July they are not *very* good, because July is the time they spawn. The silly fallacy about *r*'s costs the industry some eight million dollars a year, so here I am doing my bit for the boys.

While you are in Cotuit you should go to The Pines, where there is a lovely private beach. This is a good place to rent a catboat—or buy a second-hand one. And if you have a youngster who wants to sail, you can turn him loose without a qualm. For ninety miles along the Sound he can sail within a hundred yards of shore. This is the place for warm bathing. The temperature of Sound water frequently rises to eighty-two, and averages between seventy-five and eighty.

In the dining-room at The Pines are murals drawn from the history and legends of Cape Cod. First is the death of Thorwald, the Viking who died in Yarmouth. Then comes the purchase of Cotuit by Miles Standish,

for two brass kettles and a broad hoe (big-hearted Miles). There is the death of Sarah Screecham, who lived with her sister Hannah on Screecham's Island (they call it Oyster Harbors now). Sarah and Hannah were a scandalous pair, and the Devil's own girls. They quarreled, and Sarah moved to South Mashpee where she changed herself into a deer and was shot by an Indian.

I told you about John Billington, the boy who ran away from Plymouth, and how Iyanough returned him to his people. There is a painting of John with his Indian friends. And there is one of Deacon Nauhaught, a converted rum-hating Indian who prayed with such fervor that he was invited to all the best funerals. Once the Deacon was attacked by a number of great black snakes. Having no weapon, he was forced to stand still while they coiled about him. As one twisted about his throat, the Deacon opened his mouth. The snake thrust his head inside. And the Deacon bit it off! The story was corroborated by the testimony of several white deacons, who expressed the conviction that Brother Nauhaught's jaws had been strengthened by praying.

There is a descriptive booklet about the murals, but in case you don't see them, I should tell you what Hannah Screecham did after Sarah moved to Mashpee. She got herself a pirate sweetheart—and there is, really, some truth to the story. The pirate, cruising up and down the Sound, would watch for her signal on shore. When he saw it, he would land with his treasure

and one able seaman. Hannah would meet them on the beach and bring them to the hiding-place she had prepared. Legend says that Hannah would dig a mighty pit, and when the treasure was laid in the bottom, she would give the poor seaman a terrible shove, and tumble him in it after it. Then she would wander up and down the beach wailing and screeching. People who tell this story say that her ghost haunts the beach and still screeches, which probably isn't true. But I shouldn't be surprised if there were buried treasure where Hannah used to live.

The Crawfords, who own The Pines, have a number of 'Cap'n's Cottages' for rent—houses built by captains of the seventies and eighties, modernized now, and ready for a Cotuit holiday.

On the way to Falmouth we must visit Mashpee to see the old Indian church and the loveliest lake on the Cape. Mashpee is called an Indian village, but the last of the Mashpees is dead and the people who live here are more black than red. Interbreeding is good for some people, but it didn't help the Indians any. During the Revolution, when the Mashpees and the colonists were friends, every man in the tribe went to fight. And when it was over, there were a hundred widows in the town. Hessian prisoners, sent to the salt works, befriended the impoverished squaws and planted their fields. And along with the first crop of corn, there appeared on the scene a crop of half-breed babies. Later, Portuguese freely married, and more freely mingled, with other lonely squaws until there was not a full-

blooded Indian left. European diseases devastated the tribe, and interbreeding finished it.

The original Mashpees were a handsome lot, with tribal fashions and customs peculiarly their own. When the young boys came of age, they were permitted to wear their hair long and oiled. Braves and dandies wore it long on the left side and bound in a knot. The right side they kept short. Careless fellows, and most of the older men, gathered the loose ends and knotted them at the back, as your grandmama used to do. Their front hair they cut short or shaved. And everybody wore eagle feathers.

Girls had small blue crosses tattooed on their cheekbones. But the men preferred something fancier — a bear or a deer, a wolf, or perhaps an eagle. On war raids they smeared their bodies with soot, enlivened with splashes of color. Their faces were striped red and black (the powdered bark of the pine made a lovely rouge). Their upper lips, noses, and chins they painted blue and their eyebrows white.

Women painted the lids and hollows of their eyes blue-black, as modern women do, but they also shadowed the lines about their noses. For dances they had most beautiful moccasins of white dressed skin, embroidered with dyed moose hair. (I think there are some in the Museum in Provincetown.)

Men and women wore leggings of tanned deerskin, and in cold weather they wore mantles of moose, bear, beaver, and raccoon. The belles of the tribe wore squirrel and silver fox. They had cloaks of the iri-

descent feathers of wild turkey, and the women made themselves robes, like chemises, of woven grass. Men wore the skin of one animal, but the women wore two. Their mantles left their right arms exposed, and on their wrists they wore great muffs of soft fur. The men wore pouches in which to carry their pipes and tobacco, and fire-making implements. And the women hung themselves with beads and bracelets, and curious pendants carved from bones and shell and stone.

It is recorded that during the first trading expedition between Pilgrims and Indians, the squaws sold their robes 'from off their backs, and tied boughs about them, but with greate shamfastnesse.' (I'll bet Miles Standish bartered an old shovel or something for a squirrel cape for the Mullins girl.)

The Indians were generous and beautifully courteous. Every explorer from Columbus down has testified to their kindness. Captain Hunt began hostilities when he seized the twenty-seven Nausets, to sell in Spain for twenty pounds apiece. A little later, 'a Red Man was shown up and down London for money as a wonder.' But of course the tribe did not know that, and when the Pilgrims were famine-stricken, the 'savages' saved their lives. Yet the white men never ceased to take advantage of the childishness of the people who befriended them.

Richard Bourne saw that the time was coming when the Indians would be without homes or hunting grounds, and in 1665 he appealed to the General Court for their protection. For a few gewgaws, tattered coats,

and garden tools, the Court purchased from the Indians sixteen square miles of their ancestral lands, and forthwith returned them. This tract was called Mashpee Kingdome, and it was set aside for *Christian* Indians exclusively, which was pretty funny when you stop to think about it.

After Richard's death, his son Shearjashub obtained a decree from the Plymouth Court that no part of Mashpee Kingdome might be sold to any white person without the consent of all the Indians, 'not even with the consent of the General Court.' But after a while there weren't any Indians, and when two hundred years had passed, the law was set aside. So now if you wanted to buy a piece of land in Mashpee, I guess you could.

Richard Bourne made Christians out of most of the Mashpees, and after he died it was said that as long as the savages had furs, the white men were concerned about their souls. But when the furs were gone, the pious palefaces ceased to worry. That may be true, but the Bournes, at any rate, were sincere.

Richard had been a lawyer in England, but, at heart, he was a proselyter. In the beginning he practiced a bit on the white men. There was no minister in the settlement, and Bourne and Thomas Tupper took turns preaching. Mr. Tupper was rather lukewarm, but Richard discovered gifts he never knew he had. He had a flair for praying, and he had a zest for souls. The Indians liked and trusted him. He learned their language and taught them his. He treated them for diseases they never had before—smallpox and pneu-

monia, tuberculosis and cholera. And he protected them as best he could in their dealings with the white men. When King Philip's War broke out, Bourne's 'Praying Indians' refused to join the extermination drive. If they had, the Cape settlements might have been destroyed, and you and I might not be here.

There were parsons, by the way, hard put to explain that war. Cause and effect were beyond their understanding. It was the 'Lord whipping New England worlddyness.' It was 'the judgment and testimony of God against the wearing of periwigs.' But when the massacre was over, the blame was shifted. Philip was responsible—and not the periwigs at all. So the people cut off the King's head, and exhibited his mutilated corpse in public places. His chiefs, who surrendered believing their lives were to be spared, were executed, and their heads placed on poles. Philip's son was sold into slavery. And then there was a 'Day of Publick Prayer and Greate Thanksgiving.'

Richard Bourne had become a minister then. There was a big ceremony in the Kingdome of Mashpee, attended by many distinguished Puritans, including the Governor. John Eliot and John Cotton laid their hands on Bourne's head and prayed with him for light and guidance. Among the guests were the Josiah Winslows from Marshfield.

Not long after the ordination, Richard's wife, Bathsheba, died. Then Josiah Winslow died, and Ruth was a widow. Ruth was 'a gentlewoman and of ye strictest Piety.' When a suitable time had elapsed, Richard

wrote her: 'I doe not find in myselfe any flexableness to any other, but an utter loatheness. None suits me but yourself, if God soe incline your mynde to marry me.' The widow was willing, and the marriage seems to have been happy. Ruth helped with the Indians, and when Richard died she married Elder John Chipman, another godly man.

Richard was succeeded by an Indian preacher named Simon Popmonet, who shepherded the flock for forty years. Simon had a grandson Zaccheus, who was a deacon and a chieftain. Zaccheus spelled his name *Popmunnet* (you can read it on his tombstone), and there are colored *Pocknetts* in Mashpee who are descendants of these two.

The church, which was built in 1684, has been considerably remodeled. And you'd never guess who pays the minister. Harvard College! It is a curious story. In 1711 an English minister died, leaving his estate to Harvard, on condition that sixty pounds a year be paid to 'a person of prudence and piety to preach to what pagans and blacks be otherwise neglected.' The trustees thought of the Cape Indians and got in touch with the Governor, and the Governor thought of poor Simon Popmonet, who never had a cent. The white men had bartered a cocked hat and a scarlet waistcoat for the Deacon's lands, and now the hat was lost and the coat worn out, and the Popmonets were in a bad way. Arrangements were made with University officials to accept payment in quarterly remittances, and from that time to this, the minister's salary has been

paid by the University. There are services every summer Sunday, but in the winter the people go to church in the village.

Deacon Matthias Amos was an herb man, and when he died they put M.D. on his tombstone so that people would know he was as good as a white man's doctor. But the Deacon had no luck bringing up his family, and outlived them all—Celenah, Aurelius, Clarissa, Elisha, Cornelia, Lorenzo, Maryntha, and Clarinda. (I am going to put *names* in the index in back of the book, so if you ever need one, you will know where to look—you can't tell, you might have to name a baby some time.)

Mashpee people will tell you that Red Jacket, who died in 1933, was the last full-blooded Indian, but I think they are wrong. He made baskets and lovely vegetable dyes and knew about herbs. But if racial characteristics mean anything, Red Jacket was red, white, and black. His more formal name was Eben Queppish, and he died the most un-Indian death imaginable. It was a Saturday night, and Eben was hurrying home for baked beans! And he was killed by a Ford, an old, broken-down Ford.

A few years ago there was a gentleman named Mr. Samuel Gross Davis who was motoring through Mashpee when the wind blew his hat off. A little boy who looked like an Indian ran and picked it up, brushed it off, and brought it to Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis reached in his pocket.

'Here, my lad,' he said, and tossed the boy a coin.

'Buy yourself a fish pole.' For the little fellow was carrying a sapling with a string on the end.

'Oh, no, Sir,' said the boy. 'My mother has told me never to accept anything for being polite or kind. I am glad, Sir, to have been of service.'

Mr. Davis had never known a child so well-mannered, and he inquired about his family.

'My great-great-grandfather was an Indian chief,' said the boy, 'and Mashpee was once our land. My mother says we must be courteous to strangers who come to our land.'

Mr. Davis put on his hat and drove away. As soon as he reached home, he sent for his lawyer. (This is a true story.)

'I am going to add a codicil to my will,' said Mr. Davis. 'I want to leave fifty thousand dollars for cash prizes and medals to be awarded annually to the children of Mashpee whose teachers shall find them kind and polite.'

Now Mr. Davis is dead, and every year the children become kinder and more polite, and some day I shouldn't be surprised if they were the best-mannered children anywhere.

There was a boy with deep eyes and brown skin, and a silver bracelet on his wrist, who was very nice one evening when I got stuck in the sand, and I wondered if it was the Davis influence. I had gone at twilight to the Lake, and had driven, unthinking, across the sand. In a moment the wheels were sunk. There is no garage in Mashpee, and it was one of those damp nights in

early spring when nobody goes out unless he has to. The harder I tried to move, the deeper I sank. And the deeper I sank, the colder and more miserable I became.

It was nearly dark when a young man came, surprisingly, along the shore. And I bet he looked like Iyanough. I mean, Iyanough may have been handsome, but this man was gorgeous.

He went for a shovel and an armful of boards, and started digging. He dug for quite a little while, and then he put the boards underneath the tires.

When finally he got the car out I was frozen, and he said, 'Will you let me buy you a drink?'

'Oh,' I said, 'I'll buy you one.'

'No,' he said.

I found a bill. 'Then buy it yourself,' I said, and saw at once that I had offended him.

He picked up the boards and shouldered his spade.

'I am going to the Attaquin,' I said. 'Let me take you along.'

'I'd better walk,' he said.

I went to the Attaquin and waited. I waited an hour, but he didn't come.

The Attaquin is one of the places Daniel Webster used to stay. It was built by an Indian named Solomon Attaquin, who was a cook on a fishing vessel, and became a rich and public-spirited citizen. When Solomon died, his son John inherited the hotel.

John entertained Joseph Jefferson, Grover Cleveland, Finley Peter Dunne, and John Drew. Fritz Scheff came here, and Richard Harding Davis. And the

Richard Watson Gilders came to fish. Charles Dana Gibson sat on the porch and sketched Gibson girls, and beards went out and pompadours came in, because Mr. Gibson would not sketch a man who wasn't clean-shaven, or a girl with bangs.

In the spring everybody went to the Herring Brook to see the fish caught in nets. Richard Harding Davis wrote a piece for the papers about it, and people came to Mashpee who had never heard of it before.

When you go to the Lake, look out for the sand. And if you see a long-legged Indian with blue eyes and a silver bracelet, tell him how I waited.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

JOURNEY'S END

FALMOUTH is filled with all sorts of people — scientists, antiquarians, stenographers, millionaires, fishermen, and rose-growers. Here are great laboratories where biologists study marine life and the reproduction of the species. Here is the smartest night club on the Cape. And here is the finest rose garden in America. In Falmouth there are three lovely beaches, and a thousand pretty girls who don't know oceanography from meteorology, but agree that 'the proper study of mankind is man' and do their homework in the moonlight. If your delight is in fish, antiques, cocktails, sports, or romance, Falmouth practically guarantees satisfaction.

Katharine Lee Bates, who was a poet and a professor at Wellesley College, wrote rapturously of the place:

Never was there lovelier town
Than our Falmouth by the sea . . .

Miss Bates was born on Main Street, and there is a commemorative tablet in front of the house.

You should go first to the Village Green, where deep-sea captains built homes as four-square as themselves, and lived the rest of their lives in dignified comfort. They had carried commerce to the farthest corners of the earth. They were as familiar with distant seas as with the forty ponds of Falmouth, and the streets of

Calcutta and Bombay they knew better than those of Boston. They showered their wives with Paisleys and furs, and silks from the marts of Stamboul, and furnished their rooms with furniture from abroad. And when their wandering days were over, they grew old and died in Falmouth — in 'Falmouth by the sea.'

The Meeting House stood on the Green and the captains built around it. But in 1858, it was moved to Main Street (I can't tell you why), and an elm tree was chopped down to make room for it to pass. After a while, two little elms were planted where the big one was, and you can see how much smaller they are than the others.

I love the story of the twenty-two elm trees on the Village Green. Elijah Swift, who was the richest man in town, planted them at his own expense, and when there was a dry spell, Mr. Swift had slaves carry water from Shiverick's Pond, to water all the thirsty saplings in town.

Mr. Swift built a great house where Saint Barnabas Church is now, and one night there was a fire that burned his barn. But Mr. Swift didn't especially care.

'I can build another barn,' he said, 'but if my big elm had burned, my heart would be broken, for I'll not live long enough to grow another like it.'

When we were children, there was a tremendous sleet storm one night, and in the morning the boughs on the pines were broken and the white birches had tumbled in the drifts. I remember how our mother cried and how our father was sad, and I suppose that is why

I like almost everybody who loves trees, and why I write so much about them.

There is a portrait of Captain Swift in the old house of the Historical Society, which shows that he lost one eye and combed his hair carefully over his bald spot. This house was given to the Society by Mrs. Julia Wood, who died in it not so very long ago. It is said to be one of the oldest houses in town, but Falmouth was settled in 1660, and it looks to me more like a house that was built when prosperity came to the deep-sea captains and their wives wanted the best that money could buy.

It isn't a beautiful place, but it must have been pleasant in its day. There is an herb garden in back, and herb gardens suggest hospitality and comfortable living, and the kitchen is as big as a ballroom. If you like samplers, there are some lovely ones in one of the chests in the front room.

And if you are interested in scrimshaw, there is a good collection. Look for the wooden blocks the ladies used to crimp their hair on, and the dolls' furniture made aboard a whaler. Upstairs there is a trundle bed, which wouldn't be bad in a small apartment. I know it isn't nice to sleep on the floor, but wouldn't it be fun?

I forgot to say that there is a bell made by Paul Revere in the Meeting House—the trundle bed reminded me of Paul. He had sixteen children—eight by each of his wives—and four of the first lot slept in a trundle bed for which their father designed roller bearings. Mr. Revere was a very mechanical man.

Besides casting the sweetest bells in America and making the first fine silver, he engraved and printed the first paper money, manufactured gunpowder, pulled teeth, printed a newspaper, and did woodcarving. The bell in the Meeting House is still used, and on it is an inscription that says, 'The living to the church I call: And to the grave I summon all.' But people in Falmouth are not summoned until they reach a remarkable age, and this is true throughout the Cape.

There were eleven deaths recorded one day in the *Yarmouth Register*, and they were all of people over seventy, and some of them were eighty, two were ninety, and one was a hundred!

Mr. H. V. Lawrence, who owns Falmouth's beautiful nursery and has planned some of the finest gardens in the country, says that there is a health-giving ozone on the Cape which makes people healthy, and also makes flowers beautiful. You must have noticed how much brighter and lovelier flowers are here than almost anywhere else:

Wild roses, flavoured by the sea,
And coloured by the salt winds and the sun.

And they are so hardy! Last November there were white roses blooming riotously at Chatham Bars. And in the seaside gardens of Hyannisport there were calendula and salvia and petunias—gold and scarlet and purple as Christmas in Saint Peter's.

The Webster Rose Garden, designed by Mr. Lawrence, is one of the most beautiful in America. There is also the Fay Garden, where Michael Walsh originated

the Rambler. You may visit the Fay Garden if you wish, but I think the Websters don't care for visitors—and why should they, with their lawns like velvet and everything so exquisitely precious? Rambler roses fall over nearly every stone-wall on the Cape, and bloom from coast to coast—and isn't it beautiful that one man could make the world so lovely?

When you have feasted your soul on flowers, you should go to the bluff in front of Nobsca Light and watch 'the countless smilings of the ocean waves.' Henry van Dyke said that the sea is too big for loving, and too uncertain. But I think most people love it in a big, impersonal way—like moonlight or mountains. Maybe, though, you had rather go to the Aquarium. I'd hate to be dogmatic about your loves.

Woods Hole is the place where the biologists live. Here is a large colony of students from all over the world. Some study marine animal and plant life. Some devote themselves exclusively to fish, and others to geodetic surveys. It is highly technical research, and if you are interested, you will want to find out for yourself more than I could ever tell you. Anyhow, the only place open to visitors is the Aquarium.

Woods Hole, I should explain, is a part of Falmouth, and about four miles from the village. Falmouth is divided into any number of neighborhoods. There are West and East Falmouth, and North Falmouth, and the Heights. There are Penzance and Teaticket, Waquoit and Quissett. And there are Monument Beach, Silver Beach, and Racing Beach—and this is not a complete list, but only to give you an idea.

The Aquarium is a trifle smelly (not *awfully* smelly), but so interesting you won't much care. There are the most woefully human scup, with pouty mouths and petulant expressions, like some people you know. There are fish with wings of red and gold, and big blue eyes. There are wolf fish; and angel fish, all white and shining; and lovely starfish (there is one that looks like a lacy doily). There is a giant horseshoe crab who turns somersaults. There are catfish and dogfish, and cow-nosed rays. Some are dead and some are alive. And there is the broken lance of a swordfish that attacked a yacht's dinghy. Their swords must be as strong and sharp as steel, because this one came in at the starboard side and passed through the port side. You might like to go out with the swordfishermen. The grounds are off Woods Hole, and you can make inquiries at the wharf.

But before you leave the Aquarium, go to the outdoor tank. Last time I was there, there were baby seals as playful as puppies. Sometimes there are sand sharks, or dogfish. And sometimes there is a whole menagerie of deep-sea creatures.

From Woods Hole steamers and sea planes go to Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. If you can, you should visit them both, and some day I will write you a book about them. Nantucket is the more bewitching, I think — especially when rambler roses bloom.

If you are interested in architecture, you will want to see the Bow Roof house, which is on the way toward Buzzard's Bay. But if you are not interested in archi-

ture, don't bother because there are people living there who must hate the very sight of tourists. Bow roofs were made by shipbuilders from green wood, which the men bent in the same fashion as they bent the wood that made the bows of their boats.

Many people are interested in Coonamesset Ranch, but since I have never been there, I can only tell you that it is a sort of model farm—very big and grand, I understand—where they raise cows, hens, asparagus, corn, and strawberries. I suppose you know that Falmouth is one of the great strawberry centers of the country. Every year the Portuguese pick millions of boxes, and if you like strawberry shortcake, you should spend the summer in the back country.

It is said that Queen Awashonko, who lived somewhere in Rhode Island, used to journey to Martha's Vineyard to visit her subjects there. When she reached Falmouth, it was the Queen's custom to relax a bit. She had parties on the beach and dances every night, with plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and when she felt like resuming her journey she ordered canoes and sailed away.

It is three hundred and fifty years since the Queen's last clambake, and now there is a pier on the beach, and bathhouses. There is a cocktail lounge over the water, and a night club. On the Heights where Awashonko's tent was pitched, is a hotel called the Gables. And Heaven only knows what another three hundred and fifty years will bring.

From Falmouth we drive along Buzzard's Bay to

Bourne, named for the Richard Bourne I told you about when we were in Mashpee. There is a story that the Indians gave Bourne all the land he could blaze between sunrise and sunset, which made him owner of more property than anyone else on this part of the Cape. It is said that he offered a barrel of rum to an Indian in payment for building a stone wall about a portion of his land. The rum was to be presented when the wall was completed, and the Indian worked like mad. But when he got within a few hundred yards of the end, he fell dead—and so he never got the rum after all, which Mr. Bourne probably considered a judgment of God.

The Trading Post in Bourne was established about the time that Mr. Bourne began wrestling for souls. It was called by the Indian name of Aptuxet, which meant 'little trap in the river.' Here the Pilgrims traded with both Indians and Dutch, using wampum as currency. The Indians, of course, had no use for money, and trinkets had widely varying values, so for many years wampum formed a stable means of exchange. It was made by the Indians from the inside of quahaug shells, and the black and purplish parts had twice the value of the white.

The Dutch at this time were doing very well in New Amsterdam, having bought Manhattan Island (New York City) for sixty guilders, or twenty-four dollars, which was a heap of wampum, but a pretty good purchase at that. Isaac de Rasiere, secretary to Peter Minuit, the first Governor of Manhattan, came one

day from New Amsterdam to Bourne to pay his respects to the Pilgrims. He came in a great sloop, with trumpets and attendants, a letter from the Governor, a lot of linen, and some sugar.

The Pilgrims entertained him lavishly and proposed the establishment of trade relations. Bradford tells about it in his *History*:

This year [1627] the Dutch sent from their plantation both kind leterss and diverse comodities, as cloth of fine and courser stufes, sugar, etc. . . . After which we had enter-course to geather for diverce years. . . . But that which turned most to our profite was an entrance into the trade of Wampum, for we bought from the Dutch 50 li. of it. . . .

This trading in wampum was a shrewd move on the part of young de Rasiere, who sent forthwith a report to the Dutch West India Company. The report is now in the National Archives of the Netherlands, and it tells how de Rasiere went to call upon the Pilgrims, and how they had a shallop in which he suspected they were going to look for *seawan* (which was the Dutch word for wampum).

But this [he wrote] I have prevented for this year by selling them fifty fathoms of seawan, because the seeking after seawan by them is prejudicial to us, inasmuch as they would, by so doing, discover our trade in furs; which if they were to find out, would be a great trouble for us.

The Dutch were doing an excellent business in furs, buying them from the Indians for almost nothing, and sending them home for all the great ladies in the Netherlands. But the Pilgrims were not doing so badly either. Beaver and otter were the skins they

liked best, and 1634 was a banner year for the fur trade. The Colony shipped to England 12,530 pounds of beaver, valued at nearly \$63,000. A raw beaver skin brought about twenty-five dollars in London, and otter skins from three to four dollars a pound.

Aptuxet is about twenty miles overland from Plymouth, and as three fourths of the distance could be traveled by boat up creeks, goods had to be man-handled only for three or four miles. The Pilgrims might have done all their Indian trading in Plymouth, but they were worried lest the Dutch capture the trade of the Indians in Buzzard's Bay, the Islands, and Long Island Sound. And the Dutch, as you have seen, were quite as concerned regarding their own fur traffic.

If you look at the map you will see how much easier it was for the Dutch to come here than it would have been to sail around the Cape to Plymouth, past those Bad Bars that Champlain talked about.

There were two men who lived in the little trading post as overseers and watchmen. They planted corn, raised pigs, and kept bachelor hall in comfortable fashion. But Aptuxet was abandoned when later posts were established, and it fell eventually into disrepair and decay. A hundred years later there was a permanent settlement begun at what is now Bourne, and it is probable that bricks and paving stones were taken from the ruins of Aptuxet. At any rate, the place was completely leveled and overgrown.

In 1850, the foundations of the old building were discovered and partial excavation made. But it was

seventy-five years before anything was really done. Then the Bourne Historical Society became interested and undertook, first, complete excavation, and then reproduction of America's first trading post.

I cannot begin to tell you the research necessary for the construction of this building. The size and shape of reproduction had been determined by excavation of the complete foundation. But what about exterior structure? Doors, and windows, and a roof? Research workers scoured England and Holland for houses of the period with similar foundations. Finally, in Zaandam, they found a house authentically dated 1632, which corresponded exactly. It was famous as the home, for a single week, of Peter the Great, who went to the Netherlands to learn the shipbuilding trade—and so it was called Czar Peter's Cottage. Old letters and diaries strengthened the conviction that the trading post must have been very like the Czar's cottage. Bradford described it in his diary, and de Rasiere in his reports. With a clear picture before them, the builders went to work, and on the site of the old building there grew one that was an identical reproduction.

Of all the interesting things assembled here, most people enjoy the Indian Map, indicating the various Cape tribes and where they lived. Personally I like the wampum—but that may be because *money* was the first word I ever said. 'Money! Money!' I cried, and clapped my baby hands when I was nine months old. Mother thought it might mean I should marry a rich man. But nothing ever came of it. Favorite squaws

wore wampum around their necks and on their arms. And if a girl went clamming, I suppose that made her a gold-digger.

I have given rather a lot of detail about Aptuxet because I know a number of people who have visited it without the vaguest idea of what it was all about, which was stupid, because the custodians are gracious and would have told them anything they wanted to know. But to appreciate in advance something of the background and the history will increase your enjoyment, I think.

Signal Hill in Bourne is a fine place for a view, and at sunset when the birds are singing, it is really lovely. Ask at the Trading Post for directions. The top of the hill is five miles off the macadam roads, but dirt roads on the Cape are *good* (I guess I've said that before). Strangers sometimes think of the Cape as all sand and sea, and they are the ones I should like to drag to the top of Signal Hill, to see the miles and miles of woodland. You drive two miles through woods of shrub oak (and you cannot turn back until you reach the top, for the way is very narrow). If you wait for the birds' evening song, you can see the sun set over Buzzard's Bay and the Canal. The last time I climbed the ladder, I broke the cross-board next to the platform, and had to scramble to the top, but I suppose it has been fixed by this time. Anyhow, it is a good view from the ground, and that ladder is a snare and a flop.

Before we leave Bourne, you might like to see Gray Gables, the comfortable and homey summer place

where the little Clevelands learned to swim and sail. The year the Clevelands were married, Mrs. Cleveland came to Marion to escape the dreadful heat of a Washington summer. The President came down for week-ends, and went riding with Joseph Jefferson. When they left the White House, the Clevelands bought Gray Gables, and here their son Richard was born. Jefferson called that morning to offer his congratulations, and asked (as people will) how much the baby weighed.

'Fifteen pounds, Joe,' declared the proud father.

'Oh, no, Mr. President,' exclaimed the doctor. 'The boy weighed seven pounds.'

Cleveland laughed. 'Doctor,' he said, 'I weighed that boy on the scales Joe and I use when we go fishing. And he weighed fifteen pounds.'

You may dine at Gray Gables if you wish — or, if you would like one last Cape lobster, go to the Lobster Pound near the Canal. For a glittering finale, if your holiday is over, watch the New York boat go twinkling by. . . . And now, I do hope you have had a beautiful time. And I hope we meet again some day.

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